

TAVERNS, INNS, & TAPROOMS

IN HELL



ABRIGGS

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Even the scorched battlefields of the war-torn layers of the Nine Hells need places travelers, devils, and hapless doomed mortals can kick up their feet, have a pint of ale (or larvae ichor, no judgment), and mingle with those willing to sell their souls and the fiends willing to take them.



A resource for Dungeon Masters of the
World's Greatest Roleplaying Game

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Special Thanks: Thanks to my roommates who cooked several dinners to get me through crunch time on this one. Jules, you're amazing. Vira, I'm proud of you and can't believe you had time to listen to me vent. Adelaide, thanks for being a self proclaimed cheerleader. I'm glad to have so many fine folx to work with on this project!

Thanks to WotC for making my blood go cold when I heard you added taverns to Baator. Nearly made me give up the ghost thinking this one would be pointless.

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INTRODUCTION

SOMETIMES, IT'S GOOD TO GIVE YOUR PLAYERS and their characters a chance to put their feet up and have a taste of normalcy, even in the blasted ruins of Baator. Regardless of the game you are running, offering such bastions of relaxation, recuperation, and safe havens can be incredibly rewarding and fun. The juxtaposition of such quirky and entertaining locations can often heighten the torment and oppression of the Nine Hells.

Taverns, Inns, and Taprooms: In Hell assumes you know the basics of playing or running a game of *Dungeons and Dragons* as well as how to navigate and discern information from a variety of published rule and source books for 5th Edition Dungeons and Dragons. If you have never played before or read through the aforementioned material, a great place to start is the *Dungeons & Dragons Essentials Kit* or the *Dungeon Master's Guide*.

This book relies heavily on the *Players Handbook (PHB)*, *Dungeon Master's Guide (DMG)*, and *Monster Manual (MM)*. Having access to at least those three sources will prove invaluable when utilizing this book.

While they are not **required** in order to utilize *Taverns, Inns, and Taprooms: In Hell*, there are several mentions of creatures and rules from *Mordenkainen's Tome of Foes (MToF)*, *Volo's Guide to Monsters (VGtM)*, *Xanathar's Guide to Everything (XGtE)* and the newly released *Descent Into Avernus (DIA)*. Should those volumes not be available to you, replace the listed creature, item, or rule with one found in the *DMG*, *PHB*, or *MM* as you see fit.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This book is split into three chapters. Each of which present details, NPCs, rules, and quests a party may discover at establishments that fall into the category of **Tavern, Inn, or Taproom**. Following those chapters come three appendices with magic items, stat blocks, and substances one may come across in the Nine Hells.

CHAPTER 1: TAVERNS

One need not look far in the civilized world to find a communal gathering place to share food, stories, and camaraderie. Such places, guaranteed to arise wherever civilization blossoms, come in many forms, but a tavern,

as defined in this book, is any location open to the public in which alcoholic beverages, food, small games of chance, and short-term lodging can be found.

FEATURES

All taverns are unique, but many share similar features that help identify them. The following information can help you discern a tavern from any other similar establishment:

Size. These establishments are often operated by 4-8 individuals. Primarily staff includes a cook, a bartender, servers, and a general caretaker. Taverns can range in size from 1-2 rooms with accommodations to sleep multiple people in a single communal space, all the way to enormous mansions-turned-taverns that have a half-dozen rooms for nightly rent and a comfortably large dining hall.

Food. Tavern meals are often well prepared and filling; easy to make and easy to store, they're generally sold to weary travelers and regular local patrons. Alcohol in such locations can vary wildly, as each tavern often sports an assortment of local and imported options.

Services. Non-essential services are kept to a minimum in taverns, though some may offer minimal stabling and clothing repair. Occasionally, people from nearby communities will peddle wares or services with the tavern owners' permission, but such things are often kept to a minimum.

Entertainment. Available entertainment can often be hard to come by, a point of contention for many tavern operators. Bards may sing for tips or a room for the night, but seldom are long-term accommodations made for entertainers. Small games of cards or dice are often allowed as well as simple carnival-style games should the crowd be inclined to start one.

Operations. Taverns must keep up with local trends and the demands of potentially wealthy travelers. As most tavern staff live in or near their place of business, taverns will seldom make long-term arrangements, choosing instead to focus on a brief yet pleasant visit for any who happen by.

CHAPTER 2: INNS

The world is a vast and unfamiliar place to all who traverse it. Such travelers may find themselves weary or in need of a temporary home while they tend their wounds, wait for a wayward courier, or assess the next destination on their travel.

FEATURES

Inns will be classified as any location that primarily offers lodging for extended stays, often for a wide variety of guests. Such locations have several rooms and a large staff to accommodate each patron's needs.

Size. Inns are typically larger than private homes in the surrounding area. Many have ten or more rooms, with as many as thirty beds on offer. There are generally small meeting rooms, private lodgings, baths, and common rooms to host a number of functions.

Food. Some inns may offer no food and may even lack a kitchen all together. Such places often partner with nearby eateries to tend to their guests. Other inns can focus a great deal of their manpower and resources cultivating a unique dining experience that rivals gourmet feasting halls. Meals are often unique and interesting, catered with regional flora and fauna in mind rather than the palettes of the patrons.

Services. Most inns have a relatively large staff to better cater to guests. Some of the wide variety of services offered could include: stablehands that tend to beasts of burden, porters that see to luggage, wait staff to serve food and beverages, cooks, bartenders. Occasionally, inns will supply valets to fulfill a wide variety of personal services such as: running errands, delivering messages, purchasing goods or services, or submitting requests for an audience with local nobility on the patron's behalf.

Entertainment. Many inns host well-regarded entertainers, sanction large games of chance or skill, host weddings, or invite bands to perform concerts on the grounds for their guests' amusement. Many traveling entertainers exchange nightly participation for their prolonged stay, allowing for multiple shows in a single day, on occasion.

Alternatively, some specialized inns have a staff of trained hosts and hostesses able to entertain travelers with conversation, dance, massage, song, or unique spellcasting services.

CHAPTER 3: TAPROOMS

While taverns may be well respected as communal watering holes, some find the selection of drink there wanting. Specialized businesses devoted to providing a unique selection of alcohol help to fill the void.

FEATURES

Taprooms are any establishment whose primary focus is alcoholic beverages. Food is secondary or completely forgotten in favor of a wide assortment of vintages. Such places have no proper lodging accommodations at all.

Size. Taprooms are generally large enough for thirty to a hundred patrons to congregate and mingle over beverages. Some taprooms sport massive open dance floors that allow people to flock together in revelry.

Food. In general, taprooms have a small selection of easy-to-make snacks, but no sizable meals to speak of. Taprooms, by a considerable margin, offer the widest assortment of beers, ales, meads, wines, liquors, and other specialized drinks compared to other types of establishments. Great care is taken in these locations to ensure all licenses and fees are paid to their respective cities to maintain legal and respectable business practices.

Services. Bartenders, servers, and the occasional mixologists are the only interactive staff one should expect in taprooms. In addition, high-end breweries may pay for armed security to ensure a peaceful, enjoyable experience, often enlisting the services of well-known sellswords to give the establishment a reputation for safety.

Entertainment. Most entertainers filter through cities in search of lively taprooms. Enjoyable performances can garner enormous respect from the crowd, and taproom owners are often wise enough to spread tale of such remarkable showcases, enticing even more bards, poets, and magicians to perform at their establishment.

In addition, some locations allow or offer games of chance and skill, such as cards, darts, and dice games, as well as a variety of drinking games like Mug-Tennis or Ruby Races. Even more affluent taprooms have more expensive entertainment outlets like billiards, bowling, and Singing Stone rooms.

CHAPTER 1: THE PECULIAR TAVERN

EVEN IN THE OPPRESSIVELY DESOLATE LANDSCAPES of the Nine Hells, bastions of safety and hospitality can flourish. Such locations must rely on magic or imported goods to populate their shelves and larders, as much of the flora and fauna of the Nine Hells are deadly to mortal beings who sup on them.

Place that are relatively safe and relaxing such as taverns may be scarce or twisted by the harsh realities of Baator, but none stand out more than a particularly ostentatious three-story tavern in the infernal city of Dis on the second layer of the Nine Hells. Many travelers find themselves drawn to this shockingly flamboyant business through portals, rifts, and infernal carriages that travel through Dis and Avernus, the first layer of the Nine Hells – all leading mortals right to its front steps.

SAVORTOWN

Atmosphere: Energetic

Lodging: Good (Protected)

Food: Great (Exaggerated)

Entertainment: Grand

Cost



Those who manage to navigate the oppressively close, scorching-hot architecture of Dis can spot flashing signs of bright, vibrantly colored lights from so far away that some attribute it to a mirage in the smoke-choked city. Planar travelers from all reaches of the multiverse bustle and cajole through the sprawling markets of Dis, making their way toward the unavoidable tavern.

Stretching 30 feet overhead, a sign of red, yellow, and royal purple flashes with stilted movements of a spiky-haired tiefling shoving a fork of meat into his gaping mouth. Just as tall as the sign, the building behind is wreathed in dozens of colorful lanterns and soot-covered awnings, that support a massive banner that reads: “Savortown.”

The first floor is a wide open space is crowded with tables which are, mercifully, only warm to the touch. Three horseshoe-shaped bars jut from three corners of the room. A spiral staircase in the last corner leads up to the second floor. Each table is crowded with gnarled,

painful looking utensils and cages filled with egg-sized gurgling grubs of varied colors.

Hanging from the stone walls are hundreds of worthless items from around the multiverse: gears from the great machines of Mechanus, flasks of eternal fire from the City of Brass, a broken wagon wheel from the demiplane of dread, Barovia. Hanging among the items on iron nails hammered into the wall are dozens of identical tunics with the visage of the same spiky haired tiefling painted on the chest with the words “Welcome to Savortown” encircling the image in Common and Infernal.

BACKGROUND

Originally opened in the Prime Material Plane, Savortown was an immediate and complete failure, which culminated in its closure and subsequent foreclosure. While the Prime Material world did not accept the peculiarly over-the-top establishment, is thriving in the sprawling infernal city of Dis. The proprietor's antics are overlooked and practically ignored by the complex denizens of the Nine Hells who see it as a passing attraction. In actuality, the tavern draws many aloof and enigmatic visitors who frequent the realm of Baator to conduct trade or sign infernal contracts.



FRY GUIARRI

The owner-operator of Savortown is a portly peach-colored tiefling named Fry Guiarri [FRYI ghee-AYR-ee] (LN male tiefling **bard**, *VGtM* 211). His white-tipped hair, jet black swooping horns, and bombastic voice

immediately set him apart from his fellows. His true love is experiencing decadent, grotesquely ostentatious food and decor fitting for both mortals and devils alike.

He is something of a plane traveler, using his infernal connections to visit the planes of Gehenna, the Feywild, and even the relative paradise of Bytopia. While in such far-flung locations, he constantly eats the native cuisine and learns what he can about their traditions before returning to Dis. He usually brings trinkets from everywhere he travels to adorn the walls of Savortown.

Pact of the Family. Fry is the descendant of the archdevil **Titivilus** [tee-tee-VEE-luhs] (MTof 179), the adviser to Dispater. In his grief and anger at the failure of Savortown, he beseeched his progenitor and struck a deal: if his business flourished he would act as an instrument of Titivilus' will. The cunning archdevil graciously accepted but never specified that Savortown would only ever succeed in the Nine Hells or that they were partly responsible for Savortown's magnificent failure in the Prime Material Plane.

Infernal Instrument. Fry has taken well to the role Titivilus put to him well, offering information and relative safety to mortals, especially adventurers. The information given, of course, comes directly from Titivilus' many agents in order to further machinations so far beyond mortal understanding as to be unknowable. If the mortals under his roof seem like capable agents of change, Fry reports their names, equipment, and relative abilities to Titivilus, who has endless uses for powerful mortals.

Roleplaying Fry Guiarri

Fry has utterly boundless confidence. He has seen much of the multiverse and, in his mind, has already seen the worst of it. He's excitable and personable with an honest love of food, stories, and gaudy accessories, especially vibrant tunics. He has fooled himself into believing the tasks he does for Titivilus bring no harm those involved – at least he offers some semblance of assistance, after all.

Quotes: “*This is outta bounds!*” “*You're slaying it!*” “*Shut the front door!*” “*Express carriage to flavor-country!*”

THE CONDUCTORS OF THE “SAVORTRAIN”

The servers and kitchen crew of Savortown were all either hand-picked by Fry during his travels through the multiverse or consigned to him by his archdevil forebearer when the tavern opened. Regardless, the staff are more than capable of running the establishment in Fry's absence, even if they only bring a fraction of his enthusiasm and eccentricities to daily operations.

Kaladur Wilt [KALH-uh-duur WIYLT] (LN male half-orc **thug**, *MM* 350) is the head cook in the Savortown kitchens. His pale gray skin, including his eyelids and lips, is covered in intricate sigils and writing. Kaladur happened upon Fry during his travels in Gehenna and spent two nights eating and drinking with the larger-than-life tiefling. When Fry extended an opportunity for a new life, Kaladur was happy to accept. Since then, he's gained a thorough understanding of cooking and brewing. Though he is not responsible for the absurd menu, he takes great pains to ensure what is served in Savortown is kept to a high, sustainable quality.

Iari [ee-ARH-ee] (LE male tiefling **acolyte** of Asmodeus, *MM* 342) has been with Savortown since the previous occupants were slaughtered mercilessly by bearded devils in order to be re-branded for Fry's use. Iari has wide sweeping horns like that of a steer which jut out to either side of his mop of chestnut hair. Since his birth in the Nine Hells, he has never once asked a single question and never will. He quietly prays to Asmodeus for protection, which the Lord of Nessus grants for one reason or another.

Iari has the following spells prepared, in place of those listed under the acolyte stat block:

cantrip: *guidance, mending, thaumaturgy*

1st level: *bane, purify food and drink (ritual), detect magic (ritual)*

He frequently casts *purify food and drink* during meal preparation and will happily cast *detect magic* for patrons for a fee of 5 gp.

Tha Vorado [THAH ver-AH-doh] (LE female human **druid**, *MM* 346) is something of a mystery to many who meet her. A young, petite, fair-haired girl with mahogany colored skin, she seems out of place in the scorched city of Dis. She ensures the timely deliveries of ingredients and beverages to the tavern, particularly those that keep the mortal staff and patrons relatively healthy. When not otherwise disposed, she also serves orders to patrons. Tha has a thick, lilted accent when speaking in Common but is exquisitely fluent in Infernal and Druidic, both of which she mumbles under her breath when perturbed. Tha will never admit, but she is forced to remain in the city of Dis, working every day, for one hundred years before Titivilus will release her soul from his clutches.

Rounding out the roster of servers is the seven-foot tall **Blihlisriss** [blyth-LISS-riss] (CN female lizardfolk

warlock of the fiend, *VgtM* 219). Thanks to her patron, Orzoxoz [orh-ZAWKS-ahz], a powerful **aminzu** (*MToF* 164) woh is loyal to Titivilus, the hulking lizardfolk looks different each day by obsessively using *alter self* to manipulate her body. Sometimes she appears crocodilian, with enlarged teeth and plated skin; other days she appears more snakelike, with lithe and limber limbs and a shortened snout. Regardless of her form, she is remarkably volatile and threatening. More bluster than bite, she often swaps roles with someone in the kitchen if her temper is getting the better of her. She is also responsible for slaughtering humanoids and preparing their meat for use at Savortown.

THE COOKING TEAMS

The kitchen crew is split into two teams of cooks. One team, made up of 4 **cultists** (*MM* 345) focuses on the preparation of food safe for mortals. They work off of detailed, iron clad recipes written by Fry himself. The turnover for mortal cooks in Savortown is incredibly high, as one wrong step could provoke their infernal coworkers any time Kaladur Wilt is not around to keep them in line.

The other team, even more out of place in a kitchen, is comprised of 8 **imps** (*MM* 76). The portly fiends flutter about the kitchen and pantries bickering at one another in infernal, mostly using Common to curse. They follow recipes written by Fry as well, but often add their own twists on each offering despite the threat that should they overstep, they could be killed or demoted to a

detestable lemur. When powerful beings do happen into the kitchens, the imps are quick to turn invisible and hide, letting the mortal humanoids suffer any wrath brought upon the kitchen, alone.

THE SISTERS

Keeping Savortown free of troublemakers is a full time job for the head of security, Sister Shara [SHA-ruh](LE female fire genasi **vampire warrior**, *MM* 297). Her once bright flickering hair has been dulled by undeath into a straw-yellow that smolders around her shoulders. Her skin is ashen gray, contrasting her silvery-white eyes. Her one job, which she revels in, is to keep guests and fiends who frequent the tavern in line.

The Nine Hells has been a haven to the ageless shapeshifter, as neither sunlight nor running water exists in the city of Dis, offering her a freedom to roam that she'd never experience in the Prime Material world. She asks each mortal she comes across to willingly give their blood to her. If they refuse, she flips a coin and lets fate decide if she pursues them further. She gives particular attention to powerful female warriors and spellcasters, but she has very little need to feed at this extremely late stage in her life.

The Wizards, Three. To ensure her eyes and ears are everywhere, Shara has enthralled three powerful female moon elf wizards to bolster her ranks. For their statistics and prepared spells, see *Appendix B*.

- Sister Demoria [dee-MOHR-ee-uh] reeks of nobility. She wears extravagant silk dresses, golden eye and lip makeup, and carries a gilded basket-hilted sword at her hip. Having spent two centuries practicing the art of bladesinging, she is now seldomly seen more than a stride away from Sister Shara, who she believes is a trusted friend and ally.
- Sister Binala [bin-ALL-uh], stands nearly a foot taller than Demoria or Elsys. Her willowy form is draped with sashes, robes, and small trinkets, such as vials of liquid, thin chains, palm-sized notebooks, and dangling gemstones. Most of her life has been spent learning and perfecting transmutation magic. She sometimes uses her magic for the betterment of the tavern, but keeps many of her tricks to herself.
- Sister Elsys [ELL-siss] covers the hollows of her eyes and a stripe of flesh from the base of her nose down her lips all the way to her navel in soot-black war paint. Her black hair is often pulled into a ponytail

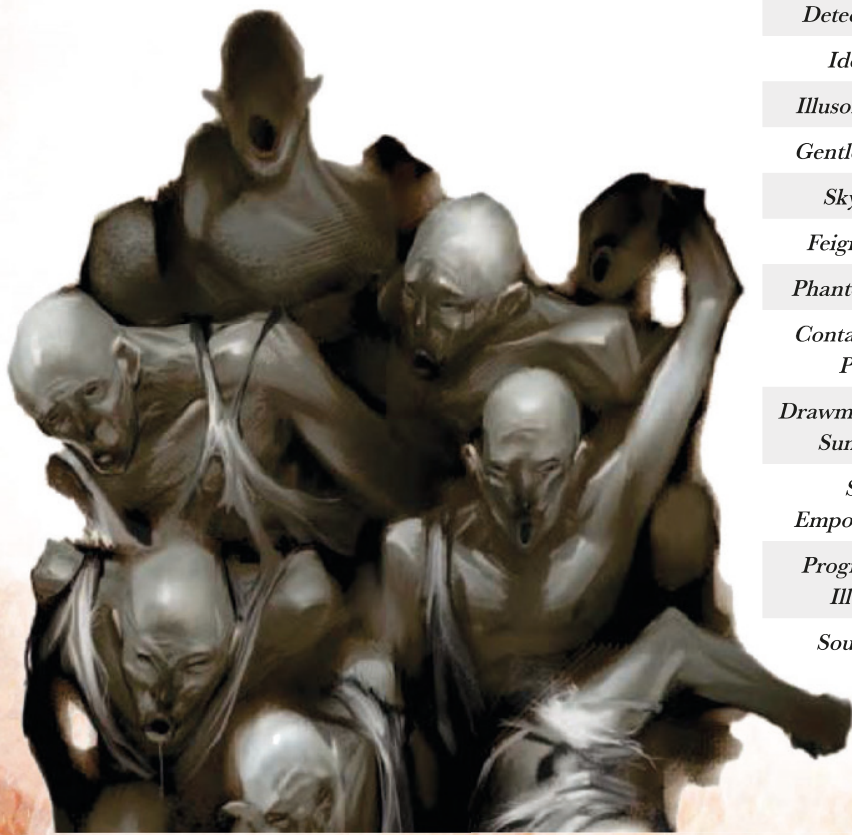


that seems uncomfortably tight and covered by the hood of her soot-stained navy cloak. A practitioner of necromancy, she visits the torture chambers in the bowels of Dis each day to study and manipulate the living, the dead, and the dying. She's often accompanied by a pack-laden **skeleton** (*MM* 272) servant she calls Ivar [ih-VAR].

The three mages have been enthralled by Sister Shara for years but would choose to remain in the city of Dis of their own volition. Here, they have access to rare magical scrolls, spells, items, and practices that would be abhorred on most planes of existence and command a great deal of respect even from the natives. “The Sisters” are an undeniably powerful force.

The Brood Lair. Beneath the tavern, in Sister Shara's lair, 8 **vampire spawn** (*MM* 298) rest in dilapidated coffins, guarding over Shara's resting place in the repurposed chambers once used in the torture of both demons and mortals. The iron walls bear scars from centuries of wear and the uneven, cavernous floor is stained from decades of spilled blood, bile, and ichor. An unnatural fog stretches out from Shara's coffin into the surrounding tunnels and chambers, sometimes taking the ethereal form of crawling figures or lightless flames.

Shara's coffin is made of rust-colored wood reclaimed from The Styx. It reeks perpetually of blood which is torture to the ravenous vampire spawn who plead every hour of the day for blood but are never given leave to seek it out on their own.



ROOMS AND AMENITIES

Surprisingly, the second and third floors of the tavern are well appointed and exceedingly comfortable for mortal visitors. The stone floor is still warm but seems practically chilly compared to the rest of Dis. Each room comes with three beds covered in thin, supple leather blankets – servers suggest that guests do not ask to the origin of the leather.

There are also three trunks with locks, a dresser, a washroom with a half-barrel shaped tub, and a silver mirror worth 1,000 gp which can be used for *scrying*. Each suite also has a *magic circle* carved into the floor and ceiling that prevent fiends from entering. Fry offers a guarantee to any mortals staying in his establishment: no fiend will ever harm them while inside one of his rooms.

Due to the magical protection and the comfortable accommodations, rooms command a high price: 18 gp per day. A guest can stay for a full tenday, complete with a daily meal, for one to three *soul coins*.

SPELLCASTING SERVICES

The Sisters, Demoria, Binala, and Elsys offer a wide array of spellcasting services. Though they often refuse to expend their spell slots unless absolutely necessary, they cast the following spells for coin:

Spell	Caster	Cost
<i>Detect magic</i>	Demoria	9 gp
<i>Identify</i>	Binala	20 gp
<i>Illusory Script</i>	Binala	10 gp
<i>Gentle Repose</i>	Elsys	44 gp
<i>Skywrite</i>	Binala	30 gp
<i>Feign Death</i>	Elsys	96 gp
<i>Phantom Steed</i>	Demoria	62 gp
<i>Contact Other Plane</i>	Elsys	780 gp
<i>Drawmij's Instant Summons</i>	Demoria	2,342 gp
<i>Skill Empowerment</i>	Binala	250 gp
<i>Programmed Illusion</i>	Demoria	283 gp
<i>Soul Cage</i>	Elsys	390 gp

ENTERTAINMENT

There is never a dearth of incredible entertainment opportunities at Savortown. Many mortal entertainers reach an unnatural level of success by bartering service or portions of their soul to the devils of the Nine Hells. Some devils exchange such entertainers' skill for information, *soul coins*, favors, or a variety of other more useful things to them, specifically.

Fry is renowned for paying off entertainers' debts to other devils in order to have them perform at Savortown. More than a few such entertainers have several years, if not lifetimes, of service before their contract is fulfilled. Even still, Fry is seen as a much more doting patron than many other, crueller devils.

On any given day, one or more performances take place at Savortown. You can roll on the following table or choose an option to determine what performance customers can expect.

1d10	Entertainment	1d10	Entertainment
1	Bard	6	Concert
2	Juggler	7	Dancers
3	Troupe of Musicians	8	Wrestlers
4	Awakened Dog	9	Soloist
5	Poet	10	Impressionist

Bard. An extravagantly dressed female sun elf singer, songwriter, and musician named Kaliko Nomo [KAL-ick-oh NOH-moh] takes the stage. She sings upbeat songs which she accompanies an amazingly energetic violin solo as well as the clacking of her ornate boot heels.

Juggler. A non-binary tiefling that wears a burlap sack over their otherwise beautiful face during their performance. They juggle knives, swords, and even circular saw blades which they catch between the tips of their fingers.

Troupe of Musicians. A random group of 4-6 performers take the stage. Most play instruments but some sing in exotic languages. Most artists in these groups have forged pacts with devils, ensuring they are adept at their craft.

Awakened Dog. A portly hound with short, stubby legs, huge flat ears, and a tan-colored nose sits atop a raised platform and speaks, at length, about what life is like as a dog. Their handler, a tawny-skinned human named Licious Marrow [LOO-shee-us MAIR-oh], has escorted them to six planes of existence on their tour of the multiverse.

Poet. A narrow-faced female **cambion** (MM 36) takes the stage wearing large, circular, lavender colored spectacles. They speak in a shockingly sweet voice reciting poetry from across the multiverse as well as their own, morbid writings.

Concert. A grouping of musicians, singers, and mages dazzle the crowd with energetic music, heart-felt singing, and magical bursts of light and thunderous booms when needed. Concerts can be heard for a quarter mile from Savortown, drowning out the screams of those being tortured in the dungeons beneath the streets of Dis.

Dancers. A group fire genasi triplets, two female and one male, take the stage in the billowing robes of their efreeti heritage. They dance hypnotically to the clacking of small hand symbols and melodic trill of a flute.

Wrestlers. Two champions of the ring, Avorda [ah-VORH-duh] (LN female brass dragonborn **veteran**, MM 350) and Brok [br-OH-k] (LE male goliath **gladiator**, MM 346) take the stage and offer challengers a chance to wrench their titles from them. Should no challengers take the stage, they hold an exhibition of strength and technique some would find incredible and others would find oddly sensual.

Soloist. A single male half-orc performer dressed in only slacks and war paint takes the stage with a peculiar leaf-shaped stringed instrument called a tagharpe. He takes a deep breath and begins to play the funeral march of his tribe. During the performance, the sounds of battle materialize, and near-transparent apparitions can occasionally be seen replaying their last moments before death.

Impressionist. A female gnome with canary-yellow hair wearing two eye patches, one over each eye, takes the stage. For an hour she hilariously mimics the voices and mannerisms of guests and staff. Periodically, she peeks out from under one of the eye patches to see how the crowd likes her performance and, if lacking, walks into the crowd and perfectly mirrors a patron's every action as well as their voice.

MENU

Many from the Prime Material Plane would balk at the seemingly high prices of the Savortown menu, but the cost of growing or importing edible, relatively fresh food into the Nine Hells is no easy task, nor was the cost of acquiring a license to sell such enjoyable mortal food.

Breakfast (12 sp) is served in concert with the Prime Material Plane's sunrise, a novelty beloved by some. Mortals enjoy gargantuan portions of guaranteed edible and sometimes rare foodstuffs. Fiends partake in similarly large portions of larval foods and fermented chunks of various humanoids, a perfect way to start the day.

Dinner (16 sp) draws quite a lot of attention from mortals and fiends alike. Humanoids can dine on decadent meals that are fried, spiced with firefungus, or comprised of layers upon layers of food some would call unbearably excessive. Fiends, likewise, feast on similarly ludicrous affair: mostly living, delicate, and hard-to-find items from around the multiverse.

Work Meals (10 sp) are available for creatures on the go who still need to eat. Savortown offers a wide variety of “workday meals” that are prepared ahead of time, stored in collectible tins, and prepared in such a way as to be easily eaten while on the move.

Dessert (8 sp) is often preposterously decadent and populated with vittles from several places in the multiverse. The lines begin to blur between mortal and fiend sustenance, as ingredients eaten by both are used to influence the overall dish. Everything is, of course, guaranteed survivable to ingest, though there are no refunds should the taste be lacking.

QUESTS

There is never a dearth of employment opportunity in the Nine Hells, and Savortown is no exception. The levels of Baator are difficult enough to traverse that even a quest to collect a single mundane item could prove deadly to the unprepared and troublesome to even the most adept warriors. There is always work on offer from devils; they always have complex machinations to see to, though they care little for material wealth outside of its capacity to gain them souls.

THREE MULES FOR SISTER SHARA

Three of Shara's vampire spawn have gone missing.

Once the party proves themselves useful or play along with her requests for blood, Shara offers them an opportunity to find her wayward children.

The spawn were sent to deliver a package to a powerful devil on the first layer of the Nine Hells. The vampire spawn had a number of *soul coins* and ciphered missives in their possession. On their way to deliver the packages, they were set upon by a **howler** (MToF 210) led by a well-known **cambion** (MM 36) thief called Bradiish, The Clever, along with his retinue of **3 bearded devils** (MM 70).

The last *scrying* of Shara's vampire spawn showed them in cages being dragged through the Shardmire, a sinkhole of huge splintered bones, crawling with **lemure** (MM 76) and **nupperibo** (MToF 168). Shara gives clear and concise directions to the location as it relates to one of the several planar passages between the layers.

The Boneyard. Inside the depths of the Shardmire, Bradiish, his howler, and the bearded devils toil away attempting to wrench open a new portal to the Prime Material Plane. They've prepared a massive *magic circle* for the task and have all of the components needed to cast the spell. Knowing the vampire spawn in Shara's care were once of the material plane themselves, Bradiish praised his unimaginable luck to find them also



in possession of more than enough *soul coins* to pay the arcanoloth Margrin (see *Chapter 2*) to cast the spell and open a portal out of Avernus.

Margrin has no intention of actually casting the spell for the miserable whelp, but with enough time and patience, Bradiish will eventually find another spellcaster to open the portal.

Freedom. Inside the 30-foot wide, 80-foot long cavern of bones, the vampire spawn wait, quietly, for their chance to escape. Each of them are trapped inside well-made iron cages. The cages take a DC 14 Dexterity check to open with thieves' tools or a DC 25 Strength (Athletics) check to rip open. Each cage has AC 15, 40 hit points, a damage threshold of 10, and immunity to poison and psychic damage. If freed, the vampire spawn attempt to recover the *soul coins* and missives before tearing the barbed devils to shreds and making their escape. They have no interest in facing off against the more powerful cambion or its howler pet.

Treasure. Bradiish carries a *potion of greater healing*, wears a suit of *mithral scale mail*, and has a pouch with 580 gp worth of blue quartz and obsidian gemstones tied to his belt. There are also 300 gp worth of various spell components in The Boneyard. The heavy leather bag taken from the vampire spawn is stuffed with dozens of rolled scrolls and 30 *soul coins*.

If the vampire spawn are returned to Shara and the *soul coins* delivered to their intended destination, she rewards the party with an unused *rod of spell absorption* and sends one of her vampire spawn, Alaris [ah-LARH-iss], with them on their travels. Alaris follows their orders and does not maim or kill any of the party, but no promises were made that they will be easy to control or overly beneficial in furthering the party's goals.

FIRE AND BLOOD

Fry Guiarri, almost immediately upon meeting the party, offers them a job. Days ago, a chest filled with personal items and expensive magical gear was hurled from the ship transporting it into The Styx by a **horned devil** (MM 74) who kidnapped one of the ship's passengers.

Luckily, Gris [g-RISS], the **merrenoloth** (MToF 260) that captained the vessel survived and has waited, at Fry's behest, to return to where the package was lost for the traditional fee of 100 gp. Fry happily pays the fee

and offers an additional prize: any three of the five magic items within the chest. He's unsure what items were being shipped in the box but ensures the party that the items inside are well worth the effort.

Despite his otherwise jovial nature and excited demeanor, he darkly warns that should the party break their deal, he'll ensure their souls remain in the Nine Hells long after their untimely deaths.

The Styx

PCs can attempt a DC 13 Intelligence (History) or Intelligence (Religion) check to recall the following information about the River of Blood:

- Touching or tasting the river's water is enough to inflict incredible amnesia and delirium. Unless immune to the river's effects, the creature is targeted by a *feeblemind* spell (DC 20) when they first touch the water and at the start of each of their turns while in contact with the water. A feebleminded creature can then traverse the river with no further ill effects.
- The silt at the bottom of the river contains an amalgamation of the memories from all those who lost their minds to the river's magic. The silt is highly sought after by Shadar-kai and followers of the Raven Queen.
- A rare breed of snake-like creatures called Styx dragons make the waters their home, but are often uncaring of living humanoids, preferring carrion and fiends for their meals.



The Ferryman's Fright. Gris, with their whispered, dry voice, recounts the events that transpired on their previous journey: just when the Pillar of Skulls came into view around the bend of the River of Blood, the massive malebranche (horned devil) swooped in and grabbed a mortal halfling traveler Gris was ferrying. The halfling dropped the metal box over the side of the ship when lifted from their feet. The devil and the halfling spoke as though they knew one another, thought Gris has no idea why.

Returning to the location takes no more than a few hours and as though an anchor were dropped, Gris wills the vessel to remain motionless over the exact spot he saw the case enter the river.

Deep Dive. The current of the River of Blood is exceedingly swift, the river is surprisingly deep, and the water is difficult to see through. The metal chest sits a dozen or so feet away from the position Gris indicates, but nearly 200 feet down. When a creature first touches the water or starts their turn touching the water, they must succeed on a DC 20 Wisdom saving throw or have their mental state affected as though under the *feeblemind* spell and they lose all of their memories, including Personality Traits, Ideals, Bonds, and Flaws during that time. The effect can be ended by a *greater restoration*, *heal*, or *wish* spell.

Traversing the rapid moving water may prove difficult for some adventurers. For each round submerged in the water, a creature must succeed on a DC 16 Strength (Athletics) check at the end of their turn or be pushed 20 feet along the rapid-flowing current.

The only obstacle present in the water are 3 **swarms of quippers** (*MM* 338) that ravenously feed on anything that enters the water, living or dead. The pale glossy-eyed fish do not dive deeper than 30 feet into the river after food, choosing instead to find an easier meal.

Treasure. The metal lockbox requires a DC 22 Dexterity check to open with thieves' tools or a DC 25 Strength check to pry open. Fry opens it with a magical key which also disarms the 4th level glyph of warding etched into the lid. If opened without the key, creatures within 20 feet of the chest must make a DC 18 Dexterity saving throw, taking 27 (6d8) lightning damage on a failed save or half as much on a successful one.

Inside the box are pouches and bags containing 680 gp worth of rare art items, such as an onyx brooch, a small fresco painting, and a pair of black boots with pearl

buckles. The bottom of the chest contains a small, flat container that is built to perfectly fit within the chest. Inside are several magic items: a *breastplate of fire resistance*, a *ring of protection*, a *staff of healing*, an amethyst *ring of necrotic resistance*, and an *amulet of health*.

Underwater Rules

More rules for underwater combat can be found in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* (Chapter 5, pg 116, "Unusual Environments") and the *Player's Handbook* (Chapter 8, "Suffocating" and Chapter 9, "Underwater Combat").

Optional Rule: The following optional rule has been play tested at my table for years and has done much to increase the sense of difficulty and danger that comes with battling underwater. Feel free to include it in your games to make underwater encounters much more harrowing:

Suffocating. A creature can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to its twice its Constitution score. Each time a creature takes damage while holding its breath, the remaining number of rounds it can hold its breath is reduced by 1.

When a creature runs out of breath, it can survive for a number of rounds equal to its Constitution modifier (minimum 1 round). At the start of its next turn, it drops to 0 hit points and is dying.

MORTAL VERSUS FOOD BY BLINNE

A mischievous **bearded devil** (*MM* 70) named Aubruak [AW-broo-ack] wanders the tables of Savortown challenging mortals to eating contests featuring fiendish food. Willing to foot the bill for anything consumed, they offer a deal; if a mortal can out-eat them, they will procure a dose of *Courage* (appendix C) for the party. If they fail, then they must pay the horrifying price of five toes off of their very own feet; the chain devil likes how they crunch.

Gluttony. One character faces off against the chain devil for this competition while the rest can only offer verbal support. Any sign of magic and the bearded devil denounces the party as cheaters and insists they be cast out of the tavern.

A spread of relatively safe but utterly disgusting infernal food is laid out on the table to be wolfed down. The creatures competing in the contest must make a Constitution saving throw each round of the contest. The DC is 14. On a success, the DC remains the same for the following round. On a failure, the DC increases by 2.

The first competitor to fail 4 saving throws loses. Should the character lose the eat-off, then five toes, split among party members' feet as necessary, are removed by themselves or, not as gently, by the bemused devil who pointedly pops one into their mouth to gnaw on as they stash the rest in a pouch made of skin.

Treasure. As promised, should the characters win the challenge, the devil returns to Savortown the next day with the requested drug. They mope about the lack of toes to munch on but do not hide the pleasure they felt each time their competitor came close to vomiting during the showdown of stomachs. After delivering the reward, they set off back to the front lines of the Blood War in the first level of Baator.

THE GREAT DIS-LISH DISH-OFF BY BLINNE

Fry Guiarri is hosting the greatest cook-off the Nine Hells has ever seen, and you're invited! Any and all ingredients are welcome, so long as they aren't aiming to poison the illustrious judge, of course. Can the party muster up something ostentatious, outrageous, and obscene enough to impress the Mayor of Savortown himself?

Ingredients. The cook-off is being held within the tenday, which offers the party time to gather whatever ingredients they wish, whether it be harvesting the tongue of a liar or tracking down a black-market merchant that sells infernal liquors. The more outlandish, the better.

Hellish Competition. Two other teams of fiends and mortals are all hungry to win, and some of them are not above trickery to improve their chances. Once the party has gathered their ingredients, they must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check or be robbed of 1d4

of their precious components as they make their way back to Savortown. Should the party want to make some underhanded moves of their own, a character may make a DC 19 Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) check to pickpocket something from a **barbed devil** (MM 70) competitor. If they are successful, they receive one random ingredient of the DM's choosing. Should the devil spot such tactics, they are likely to attack the one responsible.

The Dish-Off. The first floor of Savortown is arranged to feature three workspaces facing a throne gilded with red, yellow, and purple lights, like those on the sign outside, arranged in the shapes of flames. Standing belly-forward, Fry shouts for the cooking to begin before sitting back down to await the tasting. The party has 10 rounds to complete their dish with whatever ingredients, skills, and spells they have at their disposal. Cooking implements are provided. For each round, one character, assisted by a party member if they so choose, describes their aim and makes the appropriate check, all of which have a DC of 17.

Winning. The party must succeed on 7 or more checks in the preparation of their meal to win the competition. If they fail 6 or more checks, Fry spits out the food and is convinced the party tried to poison him. In that case, the party is banned from Savortown for a tenday.

Treasure. Should the party win the competition, Fry bestows them with Savortown merch, including a small solid gold figure of himself brandishing a spatula, worth 200gp, and a commemorative tapestry embroidered with "The Great Dis-ish Dish Off" in sparkly golden thread. The party also receives a bag of 10 rubies and 10 amethysts worth 25gp each.



BREAKFAST (12 gp)

Sinner's Biting Custard

Congeaed blood and bile collected from a still-living sinner, simmered into a gelatinous custard.

Burnt Jaw of a Liar

A jawbone taken from a humanoid that attempted to lie to a devil, roasted over a fire until black and splintered.

Flapcakes and Char

A towering stack of bone meal and mushroom flapjacks and strips of smoked mystery meat.

Double Fried Hog and Gravy

Infernal Hog belly drenched in mushroom flour, fried, then fried again, slathered in gravy with toast.

DINNER (16 gp)

Ash Curry

Ash scraped from charred bodies that hang above gaping fumaroles of scorching blood, simmered in a slurry of delicate organ meats.

Gologassaq

A delicacy in the Nine Hells, it is a chilled bowl of milky pus and chopped fat collected from the torture chambers beneath Dis.

Firebomb Chili with Sunrises

A wide, shallow bowl of spice filled meat cooked in a red chili sauce. Served along with four sunny side up eggs.

Black Cheese Stuffed Cluck

Whole roasted abyssal chickens stuffed with black cheese and mushrooms, wrapped in hog belly.

WORK MEALS (10 gp)

Sour Sinner's Rind

Long strips of flesh carved from an unrepentant sinner, deep fried until puffy and crisp. Sometimes basted with their tallow.

Thief's Instrument Delight

The scored fingers of a thief simmered in a pot of tar-water until tender.

Fry's Fried Fire Bites

Chunks of horse, hog, or chicken stuffed with white cheese and deep fried firefungus.

Cheese Dripped BBQ Fries

Cured and smoked hog shoulder sliced thin over a bed of deep fried sliced potato wedges, slathered in cheese and a sweet and spicy sauce.

DESSERT (8 gp)

Angel Cake

A porous cake of fibrous plant matter soaked in a thick port wine suffused with a single drop of angel's blood.

Sweetbreads

Raw thymus gland and pancreas basted with a sweet, spiced vinegar. Served with edible spoons made of charred bone.

Drowned Maple Eggies

Mushroom bread strips soaked in egg and imported sugar pan fried and covered in maple crystals and honey.

Spice Cream Scream

Auroch cream infused with firefungus, imported clove, cinnamon, and honey and churned as its frozen

ALCOHOL

Wisp

Ale

A pale, flavorful ale served in opaque white bottles. Sweet and grain-forward, it is easy to drink and smells faintly of white peaches.

Bottle 3sp 2cp

Firebrandy

Brandy

Stored in small casks of zurkwood, a woody fungus from the Underdark, this pinkish brandy is made from pressed grapes and a single strip of infernal firefungus aged for up to 30 years: rich, full-bodied, hot in the belly, and surprisingly elegant.

Glass 3gp **Bottle** 18gp

Omen

Potato Spirit

Perfectly clear and extraordinarily potent, this potato liquor uses an ancient recipe of white potato and ash rye. It's drip filtered and is put through an additional secret distillation process, creating a smooth, clean, and enjoyable drink. Each barrel is signed and numbered by licensed taster.

Glass 21gp **Barrel** 36,456gp

Blacktide Backbone

Wine

A wine crafted on the sixth level of Baator, Malbolge. Fist-sized stony grapes undergo a two year process to extract their succulent juices which ferment for another ten years inside a number of the naturally-forming vertebrae that grow from Malbolge's own flesh.

Dry, fragrant, and inky black, the wine is impeccable and safe to drink for mortals and devils.

Glass 8gp **Bottle** 48gp



BREAKFAST

- ◆ **SINNER'S BITING CUSTARD**
Congealed blood and bile collected from a still-living sinner, simmered into a gelatinous custard.
- ◆ **BURNT JAW of a LIAR**
A jawbone taken from a humanoid that attempted to lie to a devil, roasted over a fire until black and splintered.
- ◆ **FLAPJACKS and CHIR**
A towering stack of bone meal and mushroom flapjacks and strips of smoked mystery meat.
- ◆ **DOUBLE FRIED HOG and GRAVY**
Infernal Hog belly drenched in mushroom flour, fried, then fried again, slathered in gravy with toast.

DESSERTS

- ◆ **ANGEL CAKE**
A porous cake of fibrous plant matter soaked in a thick port wine suffused with a single drop of angel's blood.
- ◆ **DROWNED MAPLE EGGIES**
Mushroom bread strips soaked in egg and imported sugar pan fried and covered in maple crystals and honey.
- ◆ **SWEETBREAS**
Raw thymus gland and pancreas basted with a sweet, spiced vinegar. Served with edible spoons made of charred bone.
- ◆ **SPICE CREAM SCREAM**
Ruroch cream infused with firefungus, imported clove, cinnamon, and honey and churned as its frozen.

DINNER

- ◆ **ASH CURRY**
Ash scraped from charred bodies that hang above gaping fumaroles of scorching blood, simmered in a slurry of delicate organ meats.
- ◆ **FIREBOMB CHILI with SUMRUSES**
A wide, shallow bowl of spice filled meat cooked in a red chili sauce. Served along with four sunny side up eggs.
- ◆ **COLOGASSAQ**
A delicacy in the Nine Hells, it is a chilled bowl of milky pus and chopped fat collected from the torture chambers beneath Ois.
- ◆ **BLACK CHEESE STUFFED CLUCK**
Whole roasted abussal chickens stuffed with black cheese and mushrooms, wrapped in hog belly.

ALCOHOL

- ◆ **WISP - Ale**
A pale, flavorful ale served in opaque white bottles. Sweet and grain-forward, it is easy to drink and smells faintly of white peaches.
- ◆ **FIREBRANDY - Brandy**
Stored in small casks of zurkhwod, a woody fungus from the Underdark, this pinkish brandy is made from pressed grapes and a single strip of infernal firefungus aged for up to 30 years: rich, full-bodied, hot in the belly, and surprisingly elegant.

WORK MEALS

- ◆ **SOUR SINNER'S RIND**
Long strips of flesh carved from an unrepentant sinner, deep fried until puffy and crisp. Sometimes basted with their fallow.
- ◆ **FRY'S FRIED FIRE BITES**
Chunks of horse, hog, or chicken stuffed with white cheese and deep fried firefungus.
- ◆ **CHEESE DRIPPED BBQ FRIES**
Cured and smoked hog shoulder sliced thin over a bed of deep fried sliced potato wedges, slathered in cheese and a sweet and spicy sauce.

- ◆ **OMEN - Potato Spirit**
Perfectly clear and extraordinarily potent, this potato liquor uses an ancient recipe of white potato and ash rye. It's drip filtered and is put through an additional secret distillation process, creating a smooth, clean, and enjoyable drink. Each barrel is signed and numbered by licensed taster.
- ◆ **BLACKTIDE BACKBONE - Wine**
A wine crafted on the sixth level of Baator, Malbolge. Fist-sized stony grapes undergo a two year process to extract their succulent juices which ferment for another ten years inside a number of the naturally-appearing spines that grow from Malbolge's own flesh. Dry, fragrant, and inky black, the wine is impeccable and safe to drink for mortals and devils.



Detect Magic	_____	9 GP
Identify	_____	20 GP
Illusory Script	_____	10 GP
Gentle Repose	_____	44 GP
Skywrite	_____	30 GP
Feign Death	_____	96 GP
Phantom Steed	_____	62 GP
Contact Other Plane	_____	780 GP
Drawmi's Instant Summons	_____	2,342 GP
Skill Empowerment	_____	250 GP
Programmed Illusion	_____	283 GP
Soul Cage	_____	390 GP

CHAPTER TWO: THE MOBILE INN

THE FIRST LAYER OF THE NINE HELLS, AVERNUS, is a sprawling, near-infinite, battlefield of perpetual carnage. The ground is littered with billions of bones, mounds of skeletons and rotting corpses that stretch high overhead, sprawling lakes of blood belch noxious fumes, and every crack and crevice can flare with flames. The only vegetation spews acid or flames, inedible to mortals. It is a stage for one of the longest wars in the multiverse - the Blood War between devils and demons. Refuge in this horrific landscape is nearly impossible to find unless one happens upon a cluster of war machines escorting the Wandering Emporium (*DIA 128*) or they hear the pounding feet of a monolithic creature barreling across the endless battlefield, carrying a building on its hunched back.

MARGRIN'S MAGNIFICENT TRAVELING INN

Atmosphere: Reserved

Lodging: Good, scarce

Food: Good

Entertainment: Books

Cost



The gargantuan creature is quick and limber. It flexes and pulls its massive body like a nimble rodent despite its titanic size. A huge infernal war machine sits atop its back, supporting towers and spires reminiscent of a palatial manor home.

Even as the creature clamors over mounds or leaps streams of molten rock, the machine on its back remains perpetually level, undisturbed by the creature's massive strides and bounds. Lesser devils hurry out of the way or are crushed, while flying devils who get too close are skewered with tridents attached to chains and reeled in by small creatures clinging to the monstrosity's charred hide.

If approached by mortals or greater devils, the creature stops in its tracks and after a moment, a rope ladder is unfurled from the infernal machine's open door – an invitation tied to the bottom on a plate of steel that reads: “Welcome to Margrin's Magnificent Traveling Inn. Mind your manners; you'll not be told again.”

BACKGROUND

The proprietor, Margrin, acquired an exceptionally large **infernal nipper** (see *Appendix B*), nearly large enough for a halfling to ride. Over the next sixty-five years, Margrin experimented in the effects of layering spells on the already uncommonly large fiend. In this case, the creature, which Margrin dubbed “Critter” has been enchanted with dozens of permanent spells that have increased its size considerably, caused it to move at a rapid pace, made it practically immune to the damaging hazards of Baator, and more.

Critter was originally meant as a gift, possibly a bribe, but it has become somewhat reliant on Margrin's incredible magical talents. Without her arcane intervention, it would wither and perish in less than a year, its body unable to cope with the strain with the failing magic.



Each time Critter became too large to fit inside Margrin's custom Infernal Machine, she spent a fortune in *soul coins* and favors to further expand the machine. Time and time again, it grew, to the point that it was large enough to fit a dozen horses inside. Eventually, Margrin had to magically alter Critter's speed to keep up with the twenty-wheel drive vehicle, which was too large to safely expand any further.

Margrin's experiments have yet to end on her beloved creature, powerful enough now to carry her titanic war machine at a full run both night and day, hammering through the limitless plane of Avernus. Only the most naive of devils come within a bow-shot of the colossal creature intending harm, and only the idiotic dare cross Margrin. However, those who approach with care may ascend via a rope ladder and, for the right price, find that Margrin's Magnificent Traveling Inn is a safe haven in the scorched ruin that is Avernus.

MARGRIN THE MAGNIFICENT

The owner, operator, enchanter, driver, and mastermind behind the Magnificent Traveling Inn is none other than Margrin [MARH-griyn] herself (LN female **arcanoloth**, *MM* 313). Though capable of changing her appearance at will, Margrin opts to remain in her jackal-headed form at all times while in her traveling inn. Her brick-colored fur and brilliantly white teeth contrast her choice of perfectly tailored dark purple and navy clothing.

Roleplaying Margrin

The common concerns, fears, and desires of mortals, and even most fiends, are so beneath Margrin's attention as to make the arcanist actively chortle at the thought.

She's spent hundreds of years dining with demigods, rubbing elbows with dukes and duchesses, and being the fulcrum of change that spins the multiverse in a new direction. She has witnessed and recorded pacts that doomed thousands of mortal souls, watched armies of yugoloths hold a breach to the Far Realm, and was one of a handful of beings that have kept all of creation from sliding into chaos.

When speaking to average adventurers, she struggles to hide just how little they know of the multiverse and its workings.

She does, however, have an affinity for half-elves and half-orcs, and speaks, at length, about their superior bloodlines and parentage. Powerful magic users also get particularly special treatment from her, as she's always looking to add to her network of arcane resources.

Margrin's right eye has been surgically removed and replaced with one comprised of clockwork gears and shifting plates of gold and dark green adamantine. When viewed with *detect magic*, the eye has an aura of extremely potent transmutation magic. If asked, she reveals little about the eye other than calling it an "inevitable optic" (see *Appendix A*).

Magic Monger. Margrin can, with a tenday advanced notice, supply any item found in the *Players Handbook* or *Dungeon Master's Guide*, including any magic items of rarity Legendary and below. She uses her contacts to acquire a version of the item at double the maximum listed price. For example, she can acquire a pair of *slippers of spider climb* for a hefty fee of 1,000 gp (*DMG* 135).

CRITTER

The inn may be a massive infernal stronghold, but it has not actually been driven for over a decade. Instead, all of its locomotion comes from the enormous creature that carries it, tirelessly romping across Avernus.

The infernal war machine, far larger than most of its kind, is strapped to Critter's arched back with huge steel cables. The monolithic infernal nipper's thick hide and squishy body keep the inn steady without causing the creature much discomfort. Critter has been carrying the infernal war machine for so long that its hair and flesh have grown to be part of the machine's undercarriage – only through great and terrible effort could the machine be removed, never accidentally dropped or toppled.



Critter

Magic Infused. Critter has thrived through decades of daily magical experimentation. Each iteration has left it stronger, faster, and more resilient to the harms of Baator. For more information about Critter, see *Appendix B*.

Guardian Mites. Finding respite inside the Traveling Inn is at Margrin's allowance alone. Those who stand as her opposition may find themselves dragged out of a door or window by her loyal mercenary guards, 10 **mezzoloths** (*MM* 313). The human-size chitinous yugoloths cling to the sides of Critter, slaughtering any devils or demons that try to scale or the monumental behemoth. If the mezzoloths' find themselves at odds with a foe too powerful to contend with, they teleport back into the inn and apprise the head of security, Badinwin, of the situation.

BADINWIN STRUMP

The chief “security consultant,” a pleasant word for mercenary leader, is Badinwin Strump [BAH-dinn-winn STRUHMP] (LN male **giff**, *MToF* 204). When asked about his presence, the ex-naval commander claims he is simply on sabbatical. Characters with the Mercenary Veteran background will know enough about the Giff commander to recall he is a wanted criminal on the run.

Badinwin runs a tight ship, er... walking vessel. He commands twice daily reports from each of the yugoloths aboard and often puts would-be patrons of the inn to work cleaning, cooking, or other useful tasks. Despite his giant stature and booming voice, Badinwin is a bit shy when meeting conventionally attractive people and stutter and stumble at introductions. Coupled with his near-constant use of naval terminologies, most consider him inept in terms of conversation.

If pressured about his current arrangements with Margrin, he simply states “I work security – in exchange for... services rendered!” If the party presses the issue, Badinwin actively ignores them, eventually becoming hostile if the issue is not dropped.

THE COOK

Self-described as a “preacher of the Church of Iron,” the sole cook and kitchen staff member of The Traveling Inn is Brawn “The Flexor of Hextor” Fletcher (LE non-binary [they] goliath, see *Appendix B*). As a devout priest of Hextor [HECK-sturh], a god of war and fitness, Brawn is happy to showcase their incredible physique, martial prowess, and stories of triumph.



Something of a meathead, Brawn often leaves their crimson robes draped around their slim waist, showcasing their well-defined, muscular, and lightly oiled torso. Unlike many of their race, Brawn has no tribal tattoos or decoration and has taken great pains and expense to perfectly heal any wound they may have sustained – a mark on their statuesque body being a mark against their god.

On a given day, Brawn can prepare enough food and drink for 45 guests through the magic granted to them by Hextor. Unlike many priests, Brawn's devotion to bodily perfection has pleased their deity, allowing them to create surprisingly tasty and recognizable food instead of bland, flavorless grain. Margrin saw fit to acquire an official license for Brawn to create and serve their food, preserving its flavor and quality even in Baator.

Requests are taken for what food or drink is created on a given day, but Brawn generally creates massive servings of rich proteins, dark vegetables, and energy packed grains. When the meal is ready to serve, they jokingly shout “crush your hunger pains!”

ROOMS AND AMENITIES

The inside of the piecemeal infernal machine is quite spacious. There is enough room for 8-10 guests to comfortably mingle in the main chamber of the inn. There are 12 small square rooms that are extremely well appointed for guests to sleep in. Each of the twelve rooms has a single, large bed made with plush down-stuffed pillows and a linen mattress. Beneath the bed is a secure lockbox with a padlock and key. On the walls and ceiling of the small rooms are shelves, hollows, and crannies filled with trinkets, lamps, and various books on spellcasting and information on the Nine Hells.

Margrin accepts prime material currency, *soul coins*, services, and, Margrin's favorite, information she deems useful. A sleep space can be haggled for, but since the Traveling Inn is, essentially, the most secure location in Avernus, Margrin does not accept anything less than 10 gp per night. Information and magical items, if useful, can buy several days at the inn in relative comfort as well as food and clean water. Should a patron try to renegotiate on payment or swindle the arcanoloth, they make an immediate and terrifying enemy of the powerful spellcaster.

HEALING SERVICES

“The Flexor of Hextor,” Brawn, is more than capable of healing patrons for a fee. Though their services can be the difference between life and death, under no circumstances will Brawn use magical healing for free. The number of spells they can prepare on a given day is also limited, but with an 8-hour rest, Brawn can prepare and cast any cleric spell of 5th level or lower, supplying any components as part of the payment. The following may prove useful and establishes the base cost per level:

Level	Spell	Cost
1st	<i>Ceremony</i>	60 gp
	<i>Create or Destroy Water</i> *	
	<i>Cure Wounds</i> *	
	<i>Detect Magic</i>	10 gp
	<i>Detect Poison and Disease</i> *	
	<i>Healing Word</i>	
2nd	<i>Gentle Repose</i>	
	<i>Lesser Restoration</i>	40 gp
	<i>Prayer of Healing</i>	
3rd	<i>Dispel Magic</i>	60 gp
	<i>Water Walk</i>	
4th	<i>Freedom of Movement</i>	80 gp
5th	<i>Mass Cure Wounds</i>	250 gp
	<i>Raise Dead</i> *	1250 gp

* requires 8-hours preparation

ARCANE REPOSITORY

It is not an exaggeration to say that Margrin's Magnificent Traveling Inn is full of books. Every nook,

cranny, shelf, bag, and box that is unused has been packed with various tomes ranging from arcane lore to saucy romantic fiction.

Hundreds of books about the Nine Hells, the Prime Material Plane, the Abyss, and Mechanus are all stored in the small sleeping quarters inside the war machine and can be “checked out” for a fee, as there are multiple copies of each. No other book can leave the war machine, or it turns to dust, the magic that preserves the ancient tomes extending only a dozen or so feet beyond the inn.

Should a book be destroyed, stolen, or damaged, the one responsible must pay an extortionary fee of 10,000 gp or risk having the recompense be far less forgiving.

The Librarian. There is a cumulative 10 percent chance each day that a **librarian** (see *Appendix B*) appears inside the infernal machine to tend to the books within. The staff and patrons of the Traveling Inn know better than to impede the librarian and do everything in their power to instruct the party on how to behave before they doom themselves and possibly others.

A librarian carefully cleans and organizes each book, inspects them for damage, and records the names and smells of those who have handled each book since it was last inspected. They then write lengthy summaries of such people in small journals they keep tucked inside the unknowable folds of their black robes. The entire process takes them 8 hours, after which they crawl into a narrow space within the infernal machine and disappear.

MENU

All of the food and drink inside the Traveling Inn is made through divine magic. As such, the quality is good, often described as fresh, but unremarkable compared to similar foods prepared naturally. Natural food is quite scarce in the Nine Hells, but the serving sizes at the Traveling Inn are gargantuan, easily meeting the needs of even the most ravenous guests.

Day Starter (8 gp) is meant to give patrons more than enough fuel for the day. Brawn conjures huge portions of beef, venison, sweet oatmeal, and ostrich, chicken, or duck eggs. Few are able to eat the entire meal in one sitting, as it is made to serve as both pre and post-workout fuel.

Crunch Time (8 gp) is a midday meal to help active travelers power through their tasks until dinner. Bowls

of creamy yogurt, fruit, honeyed grains, baked yams, crispy vegetables, and spiced or salted fish make it an easy to digest, quick, energy packed meal.

Bulk Up (8 gp) capstones the day. This meal, Brawn claims, is to help in the recovery of an intense, active day. Large bowls of rice, poultry, fish, beef, spinach, potatoes, peppers, and dark brown bread. Only those pursuing a taxing fitness regimen make it through every meal on offer without their stomach feeling overfull and leaden.

“The Cheat Meal” (8 gp) can be, and is often, absurdly decadent and calorie-packed. This meal is only offered on the tenth day of the tenday and only to patrons who have clearly seen battle, pushed their bodies to the limit, or proven themselves worthy of a special meal. Titanic portions are offered of sweets, fatty foods, and breads that would leave common-folk gobsmacked by their sheer volume. Finishing the entire meal is a badge of honor in Brawn's eyes, worthy of respect.

QUESTS

Traveling across the endless battlefield of Avernus uncovers many opportunities for an enterprising adventurer. Unlike devils, Margrin does not require a pact from the mortals in her employ. She only demands their discretion and accountability. Likewise, those in her employ also build relationships on trust more than bargains, but that is not to say they are unwilling to pay for services rendered, as all true friends should. Adventurers should be wary, however, that they do not become pawns in a much larger, inherently evil game beyond their understanding.

A PRIME DERIVATIVE

Margrin has a fascination with magical creations and a ceaseless hunger to acquire more of them. Specifically, she spends a great deal of time, effort, and funds to discover the location of exceedingly rare items. The more unique, the better – even if they lack substantial power. If the characters suggest they are in the market for gainful employment, Margrin has just the task in mind.

A particularly brutal **chain devil** (*MM* 72) has been on Avernus for several tendays. The devil calls themselves Uzrael [oo-ZAI-el], The Blithe Fisher, and has a reputation for overwhelming violence and nearly

limitless loyalty to its master, Zariel [ZAH-ree-ell], the Archduchess of Avernus. Once a lowly spined devil, Uzrael has climbed through the Hierarchy very quickly, thanks in part to a powerful item they carry at all times.

Margrin wants the item, which she believes to be a magical hourglass, and will offer to make an exact copy of the item for the party should they bring it to her.

Margrin does not dare kill the chain devil or be party to those who would do so, as its task to dredge The Styx for demons and lowly lemures to torture came from Zariel herself. It is suicide to draw the ire of the Archduchess, even for Margrin. She explicitly informs the party that should they kill Uzrael, Margrin will not allow entrance to the inn, disavow their actions, and inform her mercenaries to kill them on sight. All of these harsh measures are to ensure her complicity to their deeds never comes to light.

The Fishers. One of only a few chain devils in Avernus, Uzrael has broken and dominated hundreds of weaker devils, keeping 4 **spined devils** as part of their retinue. Together they manage a network of chains, hooks, and barbed poles along a portion of the River of Blood, snagging and dragging out lemures, demons, corpses, or anything else that happens upon their trap.

The devils work in 8-hour shifts, with at least 2 of the spined devils plucking creatures from the writhing trap sentient hooked chains at all times. Uzrael often avails himself of every chance to mutilate, torture, or form one-sided bargains with creatures pulled from The Styx in the privacy of a smoky crevice nearby. Creatures pulled from the river are far more easily handled thanks to the water's powerful mind-numbing magic (*see The Styx, Chapter 1*).

Reversal of Fates. Uzrael has been killed sixty-one times, by their calculations. Any one of which could have seen them demoted or destroyed. Thanks to the power of the *glass of reversals* (*see Appendix A*), they've continued to thrive despite the countless hardships of the Nine Hells.

The hourglass, small enough to fit in Uzrael's palm, is wrapped in an oily, sticky cloth and held around their waist by a thin mithral chain. They do not handle the hourglass in plain sight under any circumstances, lest it be discovered and taken from them by more powerful devils. Invisible spies could be anywhere.

Treasure. The devils have been dredging the River of Blood for quite some time and have yet to offload the

spoils of their efforts that have been stored in the 20-foot smoky crevasse. In various bags, pales, and boxes are 48 pp, 881 gp, 1840 sp, and 510 cp. Inside a locked steel chest are an *elemental gem (blue sapphire)*, a *potion of water breathing*, and a *spell scroll of enthrall*. The lock requires a DC 16 Dexterity (Thieves' Tools) check to spring open or a DC 22 Strength check to wrench free. Uzaiel has the key to the chest inside the roiling chains that shroud their body.

Should the hourglass be brought back to Margrin without killing Uzaiel, she makes good on her promise. In 3d10 days, with the aid of her yugoloth minions, she crafts a replica of the magical item. Alternatively, she offers the party four tungsten rings of *fire resistance* and a *robe of eyes* if they do not wish to wait for her efforts to bear fruit.

KISS THE GIRL

Eighteen days, four hours, and six minutes ago, Brawn saw an otherworldly beauty riding across the otherwise familiar hellscape on the back of a crimson red **riding lizard** (MM 326). Chasing behind the pristine beauty was a horde of mindless **lemure** (MM 76) and bloated **nupperibo** (MToF 168). Despite only seeing her for a single moment from a thousand feet away Brawn has not stopped thinking about the harrowed woman. They even found a scrap of her cloak, torn off by a spire of bone near where she was spotted.

If the party asks for work, “The Flexor” entreats them, to the groans and sighs of other patrons and staff, to search out the woman, convince her to come to the Traveling Inn, and see that she makes the trip safely. Brawn has a sizable collection of gold, so sizable that they ask the party to name their price and agrees to pay it so long as the sum is under 3,000 gp as though the amount were trivial. Brawn has few other earthly possessions, but also offer to feed the party in perpetuity should that finally convince them.

Needle in a Stack of Needles. The largest problem facing the party, should they undertake the task of locating the lizard rider, is knowing where to begin. The following are some starting points:

- The party may use magical means to locate the woman through *locate object* or *scrying* thanks to the scrap of cloth in Brawn's possession.
- Few mortals travel unnoticed through the Nine Hells, even on Avernus' endless blasted plains.

There is a 10 percent chance that any NPC the party speaks with has spotted the lizard rider and can help narrow down the search.

- Many devils and mortals on Avernus utilize trained **hell hounds** (MM 182) to scour the endless battlefields for particular fallen devils, demons, or mortals. Such enterprising NPCs may strike a bargain to help locate the woman and her lizard, but the cost could be substantial.

Regardless of their method, the lizard rider may appear in any number of places during your game. Should you wish, there could be a cumulative 5 percent chance each day that she makes an appearance. She may also be in a key location for your party to happen upon, including the other two locations offered in this book: Savortown or The Dead Can Dance.

The Lizard Rider. Once found, Vannavia Dolomentis [vann-AH-vee-ah doh-loh-MEN-tys] (CG female scourge aasimar **warlock of the fiend**, VGM 219) turns out to be less than personable. She hides her disgust for any and all creatures she comes across behind a sprawling mop of curly black hair and three strands of dangling beads that hang in front of her angular, beautiful face. In fact, her frilled volcanic geko is much more loving and affectionate than its master.



Vannavia

Vannavia has spent the past year traversing the Nine Hells in search of her unnamed patron, a horned devil that has owned her soul since before birth. She has no idea why the fiend still grants her magical power, but she never asked for those powers and wants to break the pact, her mother's deathbed wish. Since arriving in Avernus, she has been betrayed, attacked, lied to, and manipulated at every turn, making her trust hard-won. But if the adventurers can convince her of their trustworthiness, she agrees to accompany them to the Traveling Inn, which she actively avoided before due to the ferocity of the creation, assuming it would crush her on sight.

Development. When Vannavia arrives at the Traveling Inn, she and Margrin come to an understanding swiftly. At the end of their first conversation, Vannavia agrees to work from the Traveling Inn, and the arcanoloth promises to help her find the devil she seeks - so long as she proves useful.

Badinwin Stump stammers and stutters when trying to speak to Vannavia, thrown for a loop by her incredible beauty. Instead of comprehensible words, he offers her little trinkets constantly: a cigar, beads, a war medal, a glass of wine. Vannavia, having no trust of the peculiar hippo-headed commander, does little to endear herself to the giff, or anyone else for that matter.

While Margrin commands immediate attention and Badinwin is an unavoidable presence, Brawn "The Flexor of Hextor" Fletcher struggles to even form a coherent word in the aasimar beauty's presence. To avoid making a fool of themselves, they would sooner break their own finger as speak to her without assistance or coaching from the party.

Luckily for Brawn, Vannavia finds them unbelievably attractive and heart-poundingly adorable as well. Unfortunately, she becomes a cocky, double talking showoff the moment they are introduced.

If left to their own devices, nothing positive comes of their proximity and their meeting becomes little more than an awkward memory. With a little intervention on the part of the adventurers, however, they fall madly in love, adopt (or have) six incredibly muscular children, and eventually find themselves opening their own tavern near a placid lake on the tranquil plane of Elysium... at least that's what each of them hopes in secret.

BURN, BOOM, AND FLASH!

There is one thing, above all others, beloved by the Giff: gunpowder. Badinwin Strump is no exception. Even while offering his services to Margrin, the boisterous military veteran spends most nights hand mixing his own volatile mixtures.

When the party announces their intentions to set out on their journey, Badinwin crashes through the inn to ask for their assistance in acquiring certain specialized ingredients he'd like to experiment with.

Badinwin has no coin to speak of but offers two useful magic items and a cask of the resulting black powder should the party bring him enough of each of the ingredients he requires.

Weeping Caverns. North of the renowned Pillar of Skulls lies the entrance to an interconnected series of caves and tunnels worn away by an endlessly trickling saltwater stream, the source of which is a quartet of perpetually weeping angels at the system's nexus.

Near the center of the cave, the stream of tears has mixed with a foul liquid spewing from the cave's denizens and left huge sheets of hardened sludge that's peppered with a very unique crystallized saltpeter. Badinwin needs at least 25 pounds of this unpleasant deposit, which he will clean and purify as needed.



Each worker can chisel away and collect 5 pounds of the dense material every 10 minutes.

The caverns are home to dozens of the lowest level demons. Though **imps** do linger inside the caverns, they spend their time picking corpses clean of anything useful and prove no real concern to the living. Every five minutes 3d6 **lemure** (MM 76) and 1d6-1 **nupperibo** (MToF 168) mindlessly happen upon the party and mindlessly attack.

Crater Dust. Hurling boundlessly across the Avernus sky are massive fireballs that sometimes smash into the ground, leaving behind smoking sulfur-crusted craters. Badinwin believes the sulfur left by these naturally forming fireballs to be the purest in the multiverse. He requires 48 ounces of the noxious powder to be collected from fresh craters. A single crater only yields 1d10 + 2 ounces.

Treasure. When the ingredients are delivered, Badinwin celebrates by opening a sealed box of fine cigars and offers one to each party member, which he smokes surprisingly closely to the flammable ingredients. When he's inspected and verified the ingredients are of usable quality, he offers up a *ring of elemental manipulation* and a pair of *earthshaker gloves* to the party and promises a keg of the *infernal boom* when it is ready, which he approximates to be in 96 hours. For more information on these magic items, see *Appendix A*.

Falling Fireballs

For your games it may be best to establish the percent chance a fireball strikes in the party's vicinity.

Roll 1d100 at the start of each day to determine how many fireballs fall and 1d100 to establish where they are seen throughout the day.

d100	Visible Fire-falls	d100	Proximity
1-19	0 fireballs fall	1-19	Directly on the party
20-49	1 fireball	20-49	3 miles away
50-69	2 fireballs	50-69	1 mile away
70-90	3 fireballs	70-90	1,000 feet away
90-99	4 fireballs	90-99	300 feet away
100	66 fireballs which fall every few hours	100	21 feet away



DAY STARTER (8 gp)			
A ten-ounce grilled steak, 4 scrambled eggs, a bowl of oatmeal, two slices of toast, and a grapefruit.	A three-quarter pound venison tenderloin, 6 over easy eggs, two corn muffins, and a green apple.	Four oat-flour flapjacks with honey, a bowl of granola and a cup of blueberries.	A large bowl of sweet-corn porridge, a slab of smoked bacon, and three boiled eggs with chili sauce.
CRUNCH TIME (8 gp)			
Honey-glazed apricots and yogurt over crunchy oats with a smoked turkey leg.	Salted perch and spicy baked yams with a small loaf of brown bread.	Raw broccoli tossed in wine vinegar with goat cheese and steamed tomatoes.	Two chicken and cheese stuffed potatoes with saltwater soaked carrot sticks.
BULK UP (8 gp)			
A double serving of steamed broccoli served over rice with three pan-fried crab cakes drizzled with pepper relish.	Three baked potatoes, grilled leek, broiled asparagus, and a 2-pound grilled redfish.	A massive bowl of poultry broth with rice flour dumplings, tender spinach, and one pound of spicy shredded chicken.	A massive leafy green salad of spinach, kale, tomato, roasted yellow peppers, and a bowl white beans boiled with onions and basil.
"THE CHEAT MEAL" (8 gp)			
Two 8-ounce breaded and fried steaks, mashed potatoes and gravy, followed by ten strawberry stuffed sweet cakes.	A loaf of dark brown bread, buttery fingerling potatoes, eight pieces of fried bacon, two grilled veal patties covered in cheese, and an apple pie.	Three slices of spiced rum cake, three sugar cookies, a bowl of peanut butter, and a pan of pear cobbler.	Twelve slices of white bread dipped in custard and pan fried then slathered in honey, ten slices of smokey bacon, and two cinnamon covered baked peaches.
ALCOHOL			
<p>1014 DR Augla Nigwin <i>Gnomish Red Wine</i></p> <p>Considered by many to be "perfection," this wine has complex, expansive, and vibrant aromatics and a velvety full-body texture that compliments the remarkably sweet tannins running through the bottle. Subtle flavors of currants, cherries, smoky incense, warm spices, and leather notes unearth themselves from this remarkable gnomish vintage. The rare "Sunlit Rain" will not disappoint.</p> <p>Glass 79gp Bottle 480gp Barrel 144,000gp</p>	<p>Auvabr'tsk <i>Whiskey</i></p> <p>A rare vintage of whiskey distilled in the Citadel of Ice and Steel on the elemental plane of Air. Genasi travelers use the vast resources of the Djinn to collect ingredients from across the multiverse for distillation.</p> <p>A single still used in the production of this perfected vintage costs as much as a castle. Each cask is tended for twelve years by a single artisan whose entire job is to ensure its quality. Scents of oak, allspice, and char match the sweet taste of caramel and vanilla for a long, warm, immaculate finish.</p> <p>Bottle 41gp Barrel 4,940gp</p>	<p>Suru Enya <i>Elvish Blue Wine</i></p> <p>A cerulean blue wine that smells strongly of honeysuckles and fall leaves. Only those with intimate relationships with the eladrin who live near the Summer Court in the Feywild could hope to export even a single barrel of the vintage. Plush and creamy in texture, this wine has notes of blueberry, light smokiness, and vanilla with an earthy hint of the forest floor during a fall rain.</p> <p>Glass 29gp Bottle 174gp</p>	<p>Red's Wine <i>Red Wine</i></p> <p>The epitome of "drinkable," this wine impresses no one. A favorite of Badinwin Strump, several barrels of the stuff are strapped to the Traveling Inn at all times. With the watery flavor of sweet plums and a hint of cherry, this wine is palatable despite the light burning sensation that crawls up the nose.</p> <p>Badinwin has a single barrel of this vintage he has aged for 18 years that he plans to open on a special occasion.</p> <p>Glass 2cp Pitcher 1sp</p>

MARGRIN'S MAGNIFICENT TRAVELING INN

8 GP



DAY
STARTER



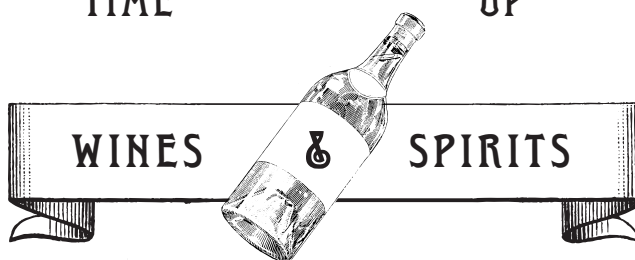
CRUNCH
TIME



BULK
UP



CHEAT
MEAL



1014 DR
AUGLA NIGWIN

Considered by many to be "perfection" this wine has complex, expansive, and vibrant aromatics and a velvety full-body texture that compliments the building remarkably sweet tannin running through the bottle. Subtle flavors of currants, cherries, smokey incense, warm spices, and leather notes unearth themselves from this remarkable gnomish vintage. The rare "Sunlit Rain" will not disappoint.

GLASS - 79 GP
BOTTLE - 480 GP
BARREL - 144,000 GP

AUYABR'TSK

A rare vintage of whiskey distilled in the Citadel of Ice and Steel on the elemental plane of Air. A single still used in the production of this perfected vintage costs as much as a castle. Each cask is tended for twelve years by a single artisan whose entire job is to ensure its quality. Scents of oak, allspice and char match the sweet taste of caramel and vanilla for a long, warm, immaculate finish.

BOTTLE - 41 GP
BARREL - 4,940 GP

SURU ENYA

A cerulean blue wine that smells strongly of honeysuckles and fall leaves. Only those with intimate relationships with the Eladrin who live near the Summer Court in the Feywild could hope to export even a single barrel of the vintage. Plush and creamy in texture, this wine has notes of blueberry, light smokiness, and vanilla with an earthy hint of the forest floor during the rain.

GLASS - 29 GP
BOTTLE - 174 GP

RED'S WINE

The epitome of "drinkable," this wine impresses no one. A favorite of Badinwin Strump, several barrels of the stuff are strapped to the Traveling Inn at all times. With the watery flavor of sweet plums and a hint of cherry, this wine is palatable despite the light burning sensation that crawls up the nose. Badinwin has a single barrel of this vintage he has aged for 18 years that he plans to open on a special occasion.

GLASS - 2 CP
PITCHER - 1 SP

CHAPTER 3: THE UNDERGROUND TAPROOM

NOT ALL ESTABLISHMENTS THAT SERVE mortals are so ostentatious as Savortown or Margrin's Magnificent Traveling Inn. Among the desolation and flaming chaos of the endless battlefields of Avernus lies a safe haven for mortal travelers. It waits nestled inside a forest of scorched metal spires just outside the Bronze Citadel. Some may learn of its location through rumor, but most are led there by a daily procession of mournful ghosts.

THE DEAD CAN DANCE

Atmosphere: Somber

Cost

Lodging: Tables or Floor



Drink: Good

Entertainment: Grand

Inside a circle of 10-foot high blackened stakes is a scar in the stony ground, a passageway that leads down past natural stone that leers inward like pained faces. Apparitions wander to and from the crude staircase in indiscriminate numbers, some linger on the stairs for hours at a time, their destination forgotten. But at the bottom of the passageway, an iron door leads to a well appointed undercroft lined with smooth, featureless white stone. The stark contrast of color is further magnified by dimly glowing candles that illuminate a wide stone bar, ten rough-forged steel stools, and dozens of bottles and glasses on low shelves. The sound of light, sorrowful singing fills the space.

The somber music comes from a dour faced sylvan beauty seated on a barrel in the far corner, surrounded by gesticulating, dispassionate ghosts.

BACKGROUND

A group of adventurers called the Greenspeakers ventured into the Nine Hells, intent on destroying an artifact of not insignificant power. Though they succeeded in their endeavor to cast the item into the Styx, they found themselves directly opposed by a cunning and resourceful **erinyes** (*MM* 74) called Tyryvna [taee-REEV-nah], The Shattered. When the powerful devil turned its sights on the band of adventurers, they found themselves cut off, stranded in Avernus.



The adventurers were chased nearly to the gates of the Bronze Citadel before they found a sliver of refuge in the remains of a ruined stronghold pulled into the Nine Hells from somewhere in the boundless multiverse.

They held the hill around the ruins for half a day. They held the ruins for two. Eventually, they were forced to retreat into the undercroft beneath those ruins to make their last stand. Their reckoning never came; the devils didn't press their advantage and have never set foot in the dungeon.

Twice the adventurers tried to escape, and both times they were attacked. Each of the attempts left one of their number dead before they made it a thousand feet from the charred remains of stronghold.

In the years that have passed, many have visited the Greenspeakers in their underground refuge, especially enterprising devils hoping to barter with the adventurers. So frequent are adrift travelers that the adventurers have transformed their refuge into a sanctuary for those lost in Avernus.



Infernal Spies

Lingering among the spires, hovering in the air nearby, and clinging to the rough stone walls of the staircase are dozens of **imps** (MM 76) loyal to Tyryvna, The Shattered. They take turns each day reporting back to all the comings and goings to The Dead Can Dance.

SHELTERED GARDEN

Through a heavy wooden doorway and down a narrow passage lies a circular underground grotto 60 feet in diameter. The smooth stone floor of the taproom gives

way to a honeycomb of pools and basins filled with blessed water, fish, and plants laden with fruit and seeds. A single thin oak tree grows in the center of the room, its branches stretching toward a fist-sized topaz *solar stone* (see *Appendix A*) hanging by a length of rope from the ceiling.

This garden has been enchanted by Moraea, on more than one occasion, to bear fruit and seeds far in excess of what they would naturally produce. Jarden has spent innumerable hours bartering with travelers for silver and blessing the water in this chamber using *ceremony*. Mercifully, food taken from the plants now is not corrupted by the magic of Baator and tastes as it is intended to.

Even still, here, in this sanctuary of nature, the Nine Hells shows itself – the edges of the plants appear singed, the bark of the oak is stony and black, and plant roots grow in the shape of gnarled claws or outstretched hands reaching for the nearest surface.

OWNERS, OPERATORS, CAPTIVES

Once called the “Greenspeakers,” each of the storied adventurers hailed from a sprawling tract of woodlands called The Emerald. When the serene forest was threatened by a malicious relic of a bygone age, the adventurers came together to thwart the one who awakened it, undo the damage it had already wrought, and see to the artifact's destruction. Each are capable, knowledgeable, and do their part to ensure The Dead Can Dance remains operational not only as a taproom, but as a sanctuary for themselves and others who may seek refuge there.

The brewmaster and bartender is a husky, bearded, and pale-skinned male human named **Jardin Braxis** [JARH-dinn BRACKS-iss] (see *Appendix B*). Despite his average height and rotund midriff, Jardin presents an air of strength. Often holding a dispassionate and stoic expression, some are surprised to find Jardin affable and caring. Around his neck he wears flat disk of platinum painted with the iconography of the god Kelemvor: an upright skeletal arm holding balanced scales.

Usually secluded away, the architect and caretaker of the taproom is **Whitepaws Blacknose of the Mumbling Vines** [WIYT-paus BLACK-nohs](CN female they/them pronoun tabaxi **transmuter** with the *fabricate* spell prepared in place of *stoneskin*, *VGtM* 218). Called “Paws” or “Whitepaws” by their companions, the wizard is just under five feet tall and completely hairless,

a rarity of the highest order among tabaxi. Adorned in layer after layer of purple and emerald robes, Whitepaws stands out in a crowd. They use *fabricate* several times each day to reshape and repair the Greenspeakers' modest underground home. Whitepaws works, happily, for information, lore, and fun stories. The only material wealth the grumbling wizard has interest in is soft, warm clothing to stave off the “freezing weather,” even in the Nine Hells.

Moraea [morh-AY-uh] (*see Appendix B*), the entertainer and the heart of the operation, spends most of her time in the front room of The Dead Can Dance. Finding the beautiful nymph is an easy task: one need only follow the sounds of beautiful singing or the procession of enthralled spirits drawn to her. Moraea's primary responsibility is to care for the fish and cultivate the underground garden that keeps the taproom livable. She also tends to and speaks with the dead, including her deceased companions.

Killed in their first attempt to escape, **Adala Numia** [ah-DALL-ah noo-MEE-uh] (LN female sun elf **ghost**, MM147) rests in one of two hollows carved into the wall in the communal bedroom. In life, she was absurdly muscular with a golden complexion and a head of stubbly blond hair. In death, her spirit appears even more vascular and fibrous, but her facial features are muted and fuzzy. The vow of silence she took in life has persisted into the afterlife, but she can make messages or words appear on a surface if she must communicate.

On their second attempt at escaping their involuntary confinement, **Calder** [CALL-der] (CG male half-elf **ghost**, MM147) was killed by Tyryvna's bodyguards. He now rests in a shelf-like hollow near Adala in the communal bedroom. Alive, he was tall and gaunt with red paint smeared across his face. His spectral form, however, appears as a ghostly hound with no mouth. His cool, calming voice is surprising to some. At any given time 1d4-1 hellhounds accompany him where he goes. They are free to come and go at their leisure and are remarkably tame while within Calder's company.

The Lost

Adala, in life, had the statistics of a **martial arts adept** (*VGtM* 216) and Calder the statistics of an **archer** (*VGtM* 210). Both have kept their mental statistics and skills in unlife.

The random apparitions drawn to Moraea's singing have the statistics of **specters** (*MM* 279), though they retain a neutral alignment and are not hostile. If a creature attacks one of the specters, all nearby specters become hostile toward that creature and fight until destroyed, regardless of circumstance.

THE COOK AND BREWMASTER

Jardin is the most likely to cook and prepare meals. More often, fruit and vegetables are offered and consumed raw. On special occasions Jardin may make a stew or roast some vegetables and fish.

There is a decided lack of wood in the Nine Hells, so brews that require aging do so in small steel or stone barrels unless a wood source, such as a cart or shield, can be bartered for and made into a barrel by Whitepaws through magic.

Jardin has excelled at crafting a wide array of “workable” alcohol out of the byproducts of their farming efforts and whatever trade he can manage. Food corrupted by the Nine Hells is mixed with holy water for a long period of time to restore even a small portion of its natural flavor. Such disgusting food is happily given to Jardin by travelers. Though no longer fit for enjoyable consumption, it can be used in the brewing of alcohol and make a manageable drink. None are under the illusion that the concoctions made in The Dead Can Dance would be considered magnificent anywhere else, but they are sold exclusively to facilitate the generation of more food and holy water.

ROOMS AND AMENITIES

There are no guest quarters to speak of, and the owners do not allow visitors into their communal bedroom out of respect for themselves and to their fallen comrades. Luckily, travelers have parted with blankets, spare clothes, and bedrolls in exchange for food, leaving plenty of bedding for those that the Greenspeakers allow to rest among the tables and chairs. Such accommodation costs 10 silver pieces, not gold, per person, per night. Otherwise, loiterers are asked to leave when the proprietors deem they have overstayed their welcome.

SECURE

The **specters** (*MM* 279) that frequent The Dead Can Dance offer a considerable protective force should devils or other aggressors try to force their way inside. With a word from Moraea, the otherwise benign spectral patrons become hostile toward problematic creatures. Few things in even the Nine Hells can withstand an onslaught brought by all of the angry spirits and the five adventurers that call the taproom home. There are 2d10 + 3 specters present in the taproom each day.

CARTOGRAPHER

One of Adala's many talents is cartography, learned through tireless effort at an elven monastery. As part of her monastic upbringing she wanted for little material wealth. In death, she has become even more disconnected from such things. But she still has a great deal of concern for her living companions and will happily sketch local landmarks or copy maps in exchange for food, weapons, armor, or adventuring gear her companions can use, especially silver.

To produce quality maps, Adala must possess a humanoid for several hours, during which the humanoid has visions of calming forest landscapes and the calming sounds of rhythmic chanting.

MAGIC ITEM ENCHANTING

When not repairing, creating, or collapsing walls, Whitepaws is tirelessly working to enchant trinkets and useful items for barter or use around the taproom. Creating such items takes a considerable amount of effort, time, and resources, but Whitepaws pays handsomely in stockpiled *fire resistance* and *greater healing* potions to anyone who procures valuable reagents for them.

For more information on crafting magic items, see Chapter 6 “Between Adventures,” page 128 in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* and Chapter 2 “Dungeon Master's Tools,” page 128 in *Xanathar's Guide to Everything*.

Whitepaw can craft magic items in half the time thanks to the help of conjured servants and his tireless undead and living companions. Almost any resource required to create a magical item can be found or bartered for in the Nine Hells. The more powerful the item, the more costly or dangerous crafting should be.

HELL HOUND TRAINING

Calder has spent a great deal of time interacting with the **hell hounds** (MM 182) of Avernus since his death. Powerful, evil creatures, they are not to be underestimated, but will not become hostile while in Calder's presence unless attacked.

The frightening creatures can be trained to aim their ruthless bloodlust at particular enemies. Should the party bring a subdued hell hound into The Dead Can Dance, Calder helps a single character train the beast to follow their instructions.

Training a hell hound in this manner costs 500 gp and requires 7 days of successful progress. At the end of each day spent training the hell hound, the character attempting to train it must make a Charisma (Animal Handling) check opposed by the hell hound's Charisma check. If the character wins the contest, they make 1 day's progress in training the creature.

Alternatively, Calder can train the hell hound to obey the command of all non-fiends for a fee of 1,200 gold pieces or 3 *soul coins*. Such training takes 13 days and a considerable amount of effort from all of those that call The Dead Can Dance home.



MENU

The food offerings at The Dead Can Dance are exceedingly straight forward, a byproduct of the limited space, lack of viable soil, and dearth of resources on hand to sustain mortal life. Meals are usually raw or lightly prepared, such as boiled potatoes, but if requested they can be baked, roasted, skewered, made into a stew.

Breakfast (variable) is the largest meal of the day and offered in tandem with the prime material world's sunrise. Comprised mostly of large servings of fruit and boiled root vegetables, breakfast is made foremost to be filling.

Dinner (variable) leafy green vegetables, hard fruits, and occasionally whole fish ensures lunch and dinner to be packed with nutrition. Bright, powerful herbs help add substantial flavor to otherwise lackluster dishes.

Dessert (1 soul coin) is quite rare. When the hydroponic plants require pollination to propagate, Moraea summons bees using her *conjure animals* spell to pollinate the plants efficiently. The insects, driven by instinct, still produce a sizable amount of honey. Almost every dessert on offer utilizes that honey and prepared fruits. When the honey runs out, only fruit is left on offer.

Due to the disconnected nature of The Dead Can Dance, menu items are subject to variability and haggling: a breakfast may cost a snobby spy three *soul coins*, while the same breakfast served to a holy knight of Bahamut may only cost a silver piece and a prayer.

QUESTS

There are endless opportunities for work at The Dead Can Dance. The adventurers trapped inside make do with what they can reuse, recycle, and conjure with magic. As it stands, anything from weapons and armor to blankets and strips of cloth can be used to help the band survive a little while longer. There are also a number of other tasks on offer from both the staff and the taproom's ghostly visitors, many of which hope to finally find rest.

ONE SOUL IS WORTH ANOTHER

One of the spirits that frequents the taproom is a wide-faced diminutive gnome named **Burtle Thumdunker** [BURR-tull th-UM-dunn-ker], who died a tenday ago. The gnome, still a fast talking energetic, and anxiety-stricken sort, speaks daily about the fear of their murdered sibling, Burda [BURR-duh], being damned and turned into a detestable lemure. Breaking a pinkie promise between the two made before their doomed journey is too much for Burtle to bear.

Before Burtle died of an infernal wound, they managed to bury a cache of potions that was meant to be delivered to a collector in the city of Dis. Should the party agree to save their sibling's soul from damnation, Burtle will lead them to the potions.

The Maggot Pit. All damned souls are led to a place of utter malice known as “the maggot pit.” A thousand-foot diameter pit filled with undulating ooze and billions

of writhing white worms, it is not a mistakable location. The souls of those damned by infernal contracts are pushed inside, devoured, and defecated as a sludge that takes form as a lemure, intent on nothing more than doing evil. Both Jardin and Adala know the location of the Maggot Pit, a journey which will take two days. Due to the massive, orderly queue of those to be devoured, it is still possible for the party to make it there before Burda's soul is consumed.

Master of Maggots. The overseer of the maggot pit and leader of all devils who toil there is a **red abishai** (MToF 162) named **Arrak, The Defiler** [AH-rawk]. The red-scaled fiend spends his time watching from atop a citadel that oversees the pit. His booming voice and red-hot breath command obedience from all that witness it, even the **young red dragon** (MM 98), Vaakumlal, a child of Tiamat that acts as his lieutenant and mount.

At any given time, Arrak oversees the processing of 3d6 x 10 **lemures** (MM 76), 4d20 **imps** (MM 306), 2d20 **spined devils** (MM 78), and 1d10 **bearded devils** (MM 70) working the pits. The abishai also has dozens of other lesser demons at his disposal mustered inside the citadel stronghold.

Even the most foolish and bull-headed creatures in the multiverse should be aware of how dangerous and powerful Arrak is, but he is not without cunning, guile, or greed. To him, a soul is a soul – all made equal by the Maggot Pit into a perfect uniformity. As such, Burda's unclaimed soul means as little to him as a single grain of rice. But should the adventurers wish to see the gnome freed, they must pay for it.

If the adventurers are spotted snooping about, Arrak flies to them atop Vaakumlal and bellows that they state their business or be destroyed. Should the party parlay with the powerful devil, he offers them multiple exchanges for the gnome's soul, such as:

- 3 to 5 *soul coins* or a rare or rarer magic item.
- The true name of any devil, which Arrak could use against them.
- 20,000 gp worth of coins and jewels – a small gift to Tiamat.
- The *infernal tack* of a Narzugon devil.

The devil has as many needs as any other being in Baator and haggles with the party if they show him reverence. Worshipers of Tiamat need only prove their loyalty to the Dragon Queen to see the soul freed

without payment.

Treasure. If Burda is freed, Burtle upholds his end of the bargain and brings the party to a rocky outcropping a mile or so away from The Dead Can Dance.

Underneath a collapse of bone and rubble, a metal case juts from between two heavy stones. Inside the case are 3 *potions of supreme healing*, 2 *potions of stone giant strength*, 2 *potions of mind reading*, and 3 *potions of fire resistance*. Burtle and Burda then thank the party for what they've done and return to The Dead Can Dance, where they linger until an opportunity to be freed presents itself.

THIRTY TO FIFTY INFERNAL HOGS

“Big” Bugga Wug was once a famed bullywug adventurer. His magical shortswords *Flaming Death* and *Sparkle* (*Appendix A*) were legendary among the Ugubba-wug tribe. Now his stumpy, wide chested, shimmering spirit haunts The Dead Can Dance, slowly swaying his narrow hips and wispy legs to Moreae's singing.

Bugga remains tethered to the Nine Hells not from an infernal contract, but from the shame of knowing his prized, beloved, famed shortswords are resting in a

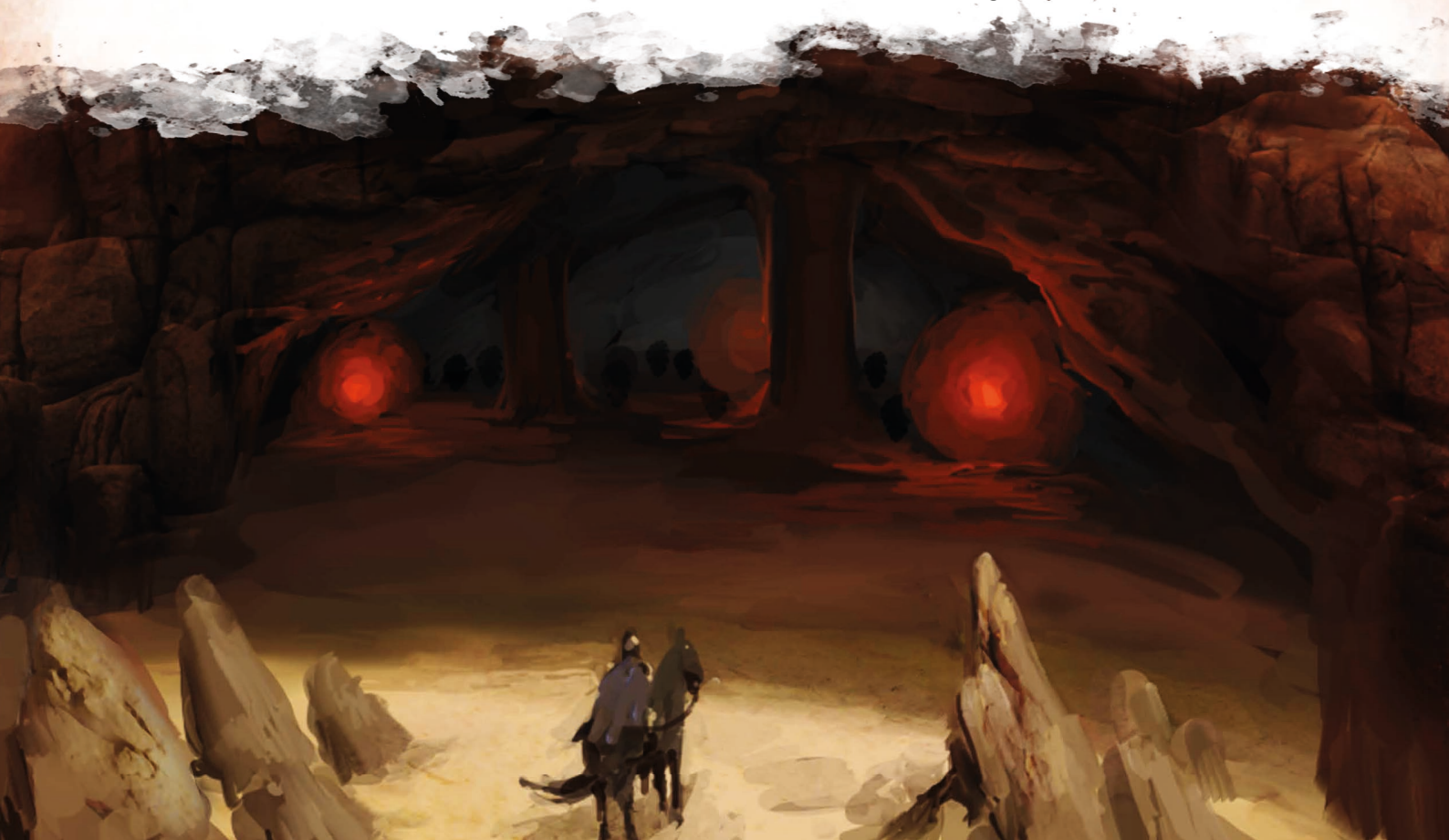
literal bog of pig slop. He'd sooner see them wielded by his most hated enemies as know they lie abandoned in a filth beyond imagining. As such, he begs the party to find them for him.

The Stench Pit. In an 80-foot wide, 40-foot long cave a day's journey north of The Dead Can Dance, near the front lines of the Blood War, rests a swarm of $2d10 + 30$ **infernal hogs** (see *Appendix B*) which attack intruders on sight.

The bloated carrion eaters wallow and stamp the innumerable rotting carcasses they feast upon with regurgitated demon ichor collected on the endless battlefields. The mélange forms into a putrid sludge that can be smelled for miles, giving the cave its name.

When a creature first comes within 100 feet of the cave without first covering their nose and mouth, it must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 hour. A creature submerged or knocked prone in the putrefaction must repeat this saving throw at disadvantage. In addition, the stench cannot be removed from their clothes, skin, or hair without the aid of magic.

Treasure. The hogs dragged far more than the two magical swords into the stench pits. At the end of each hour spent searching the cave, a creature can make a Wisdom (Perception) check. To determine what they find, roll on the following table.



Each of the following options can only be found once:

Roll	Treasure	Roll	Treasure
1-17	A black opal worth 250 gp	21	A yellow sapphire worth 1,000 gp
18	A quiver of six +2 crossbow bolts	22	<i>Flaming Death</i> (Appendix A)
19	A leather scroll tube containing a spell scroll of <i>regenerate</i>	23	A suit of steel +2 Chainmail that glitters brightly when wet
20	A pair of manacled arms wearing <i>gloves of swimming and climbing</i>	24+	<i>Sparkle</i> (Appendix A)

Development. With each hour spent in the cave, there is a cumulative 30 percent chance that 2d10 infernal hogs arrive and attack anyone inside.

SIESM'S SORROW

A slender elven figure, wispy and barely formed, who has long forgotten their own name laments at the cries of someone they call Grim. Though they struggle to recall exact details in their prolonged sadness, the ghostly figure can be led through conversation to reveal the following pieces of information:

- “Grim” is an extremely powerful weapon currently in the hands of a devil.
- The devil is a malebrache [a **horned devil** (MM 74)] called Hyugrux, The Skewer [HEW-guhks]. Currently a lieutenant of Bel, the right hand of the Archduchess of Avernus. Hyugrux resides in the Bronze Citadel.
- Grim weeps at what it's being forced to do, who it has been forced to kill, where it has been forced to go. It screams in the sky, overhead.
- Hyugrux judges the mortals taken to the Bronze Citadel. He hears their pleas and decides their fate. So much blood.

Once the information has been given, the apparition seems to lose track of what is happening and begins its pleas over again from the start, unaware it is repeating itself.

The Skewer. Hyugrux sets out from the Bronze Citadel each day and flies over the sprawling ruins and strongholds nearby, reveling in the pain and horror

issued by the legendary weapon it carries, *Grim Siesm* (see Appendix A). Once he's had his fill of the weapon's screams, he returns to the citadel to resume his work as arbiter of mortal trespassers. Though Hyugrux's own desires would see the corruption of all who come before him, he upholds his sworn duty to judge them fairly, lest his commander destroy or demote him.

Freeing Grim. Hyugrux has no interest in bartering for the legendary weapon. The horned devil instead plans to make the sentient item suffer for lifetimes until it ultimately bends to his will. No offer short of promotion will make him release the spear. If attacked inside the Citadel, Hyugrux can raise an alarm that has no fewer than 10 **bearded devils** (MM 70) arrive every 5 rounds of combat. 3 minutes after combat breaks out, the **pit fiend** (MM 77) Bel and 3 **erinyes** (MM 73) arrive to subdue or destroy any mortals they find.

Hyugrux's End. Should the horned devil be killed, it is no great upset to the fiends of the Bronze Citadel. Bel does not seek retribution for his lieutenant's death, viewing it as Hyugrux being too weak to defend himself. Instead, he watches those responsible for his lieutenant's death closely, and attempts to manipulate them to better serve his evil purposes. If the weapon is stolen and Hyugrux left alive, Bel sees fit to demote him into a bearded devil, ordered to guard the devil appointed as his successor.



Development. The moment *Grim Siesm* has escaped Hyugrux's clutches, the elven specter disappears and Grim thanks the one responsible for freeing it and offers to attune with a member of the party should they be able to wield it.

A FRIEND IN NEED

Jardin has a task for the party if they seem strong and resourceful. A trusted companion of his has been in daily contact for months now using *sending* spells. In a tenday from now, his companion will be attempting to breach Avernus through a portal in the Astral Sea. Jardin asks the party to travel to the Lake of Despond, the source and terminus of the River Styx, to watch for her arrival from the swirling storm cloud overhead. He fears that her vessel will be set upon and overpowered by the lesser devils responsible for snatching up freshly deposited souls that crawl from the waters. He has little in the way of repayment but assure them the captain will compensate them extremely well.



Sapphire Amberglass

Lake of Souls. The massive lake of blood is so large one can not see the opposite bank. A funnel of gray, black, and red clouds swirl overhead and blasts of

thunder rumble. Falling periodically from the funnel are people, ships, and debris being drawn from the astral plane. Within this lake, unclaimed lawful evil souls wash onto the shores and are driven toward the Maggot Pit or are subject to an even worse fate by swarms of flapping **spined devils** (*MM* 78) and **imps** (*MM* 76).

The Traveler. The Traveler is a 20-foot wide, 60-foot long **astral airboat** (see *Appendix B*) held aloft by a central three-chambered spidersilk balloon. The ship is crewed by 2 imps called Bikkor [BIH-ker] and Dob [DAHb] and captained by a stern half-elven noble woman named Sapphire Amberglass [SAH-fiyer AM-ber-glass]. The imps dangle from the rigging and shore up ropes while Captain Amberglass tends the helm and shouts orders, brandishing her saber or loaded pistol depending on her mood.

Sapphire Amberglass is a **swashbuckler** (*VGtM* 217) with the following modifications:

- Sapphire's alignment is Chaotic Good.
- Her AC is 18 (studded leather armor) and she wears a *ring of feather falling*.
- She wields a +1 rapier with an ostentatious platinum basket-hilt, the blade of which is decorated with her house sigil, an amber diamond. As an Action she can make two attacks with the sword (+7 to hit). It deals 9 (1d8 + 5) piercing damage and an additional 6 (2d6) lightning damage on a hit.
- She has proficiency with firearms and wields a magical pistol called Bore. As an action, she can fire the pistol (+6 to hit) at one creature within range (40/120). It deals 9 (1d10 + 4) damage on a hit and each creature in a 30-foot line behind the target must succeed on a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw or take the same damage. Sapphire must spend an action loading the pistol before she can fire it again.
- Sapphire Amberglass has a challenge rating of 5 (1,800 XP).

Development. When the Traveler arrives through the portal above the Lake of Despond, 7 **spined devils** that are responsible for plucking souls from the shore attack the vessel. Captain Amberglass abandons the helm and begins firing the ballista. When half of the spined devils have been killed or the ship has made it 1,000 feet, the remaining devils abandon their pursuit of the ship.

Treasure. If Captain Amberglass is aided in her escape, she offers the party her *ring of feather falling*

and signs over the services of Bikkor and Dob to the party. Once per day, the two imps can use an Action to teleport themselves into a repository of equipment curated by the noble Amberglass family.

The trip takes 1 minute, and the imps can retrieve up to 100 gp worth of mundane adventuring gear (*PHB*, Chapter 5). The imps have a 20 percent chance of not finding the items requested and bring back a suit of fine clothes or a *potion of healing* instead. The Amberglass family ceases to refill the repository for 30 days in the event the adventurers abuse their stores (DM discretion).

THE EATER OF SORROW

A **cambion** ([she/they], *MM* 36) comes to The Dead Can Dance while the party is there. They introduce themselves as **Phonolmaela** [foh-noll-MAY-la], **Eater of Sorrow** – or simply Pho. Standing just over six feet tall with wide, leathery wings adorned with interconnected circular tattoos and a toothy, snarling face, Pho's amiable nature is a shocking contrast to their fierce appearance.

Roleplaying Phonolmaela

The even-tempered cambion has a forceful persuasion to her every honeyed word. Unlike many devils, Phonolmaela does not care to hoard souls and swindle mortals. Instead, she chooses to tell the absolute truth in an effort to instill a sense of trustworthiness in each conversation. Able to speak all languages and uncommonly friendly, Pho has broken more than a few hearts in the decades she's been plying her trade. With a sweet word, a twirl of her ebony hair, and the batting of her beautiful golden eyes, she commands a great deal of attention from even the most disdainful mortal.

The Exchange. Pho offers a singularly unique service: she has the power to siphon off anxiety, stress, or depression from humanoids in exchange for payment, such as gemstones, *soul coins*, knowledge, or a portion of their soul. She then passes the crippling feelings off to humanoids who already struck deals for material wealth or power. They have a twisted sense of justice in the act and view it as a “no-loss” situation.

She carries a leather tome filled to the brim with names of people who have partaken in her unique services in the past.

The Eater of Sorrow wishes to strike a deal with the 'new arrivals' in Baator and report back to their progenitor, the pit fiend Bel. To incentivize the party, Pho will, should each of the party sign the ledger, offer the party a **nightmare** (*MM* 235). The creature will

travel with them across Baator, defend them in battle, and serve as a potent offering for barter, but the fiend loathes mortals of all kinds.

Development. When a humanoid accepts the deal with Pho, she places her taloned thumb on their forehead and kisses them deeply. The feeling that follows is neither enjoyable nor detestable, like a dry breeze that filters out through the person's throat, mouth, and nose, drawn into the cambion's body. The sensation only lasts a moment, then the person is left feeling weightless.

The creature is relieved of any madness, curse, or negative personality trait currently afflicting it and gain 20 temporary hit points which last until they finish a long rest. So long as the creature has at least 1 of those temporary hit points, it is immune to being frightened.

In contrast, those making deals for exceptional wealth find the procedure has the opposite effect: a crushing weight finds their soul, brought on by a cold, gripping wind. They immediately suffer 1 level of exhaustion and are inflicted with a long-term madness (*DMG* 258). They also have disadvantage on saving throws made to prevent being frightened for 24 hours.



BREAKFAST (varies)			
Strawberry, mint, and dark green lettuce salad.	Boiled potatoes with wilted basil and chives.	Sliced tomato and cucumber with pepper basil sauce.	Cabbage and spinach soup.
DINNER (varies)			
Salt fish, basil, chive, and tomato salad.	Green beans with sweet cabbage slaw.	Strawberry, mint, and radish salad (with kale or lettuce).	Steamed tomato and basil stuffed bell peppers.
ALCOHOL			
<p>Strawberry Brandy <i>Fruit Brandy</i></p> <p>A batch of strawberries grew incredibly acidic and sour in the early days of The Dead Can Dance. Unpalatable on their own, the strawberries made for a very tart and bitter wine. After incorporating more sugar and yeast and distilling it again in a stone barrel for a year, it became a rather enjoyable brandy. Often served with a crushed mint leaf, the brandy is sweet and dry with subtle notes of honey, almond, and fig supported by the tart unmistakable bite of strawberry.</p> <p>Glass 10 sp (silver only) Barrel 8,740 sp (silver only)</p>	<p>Blue Breaker <i>Mead</i></p> <p>Blueberries are a staple foodstuff in The Dead Can Dance, as they grow like crazy in the holy water laced basins. As such, Jardin has perfected the brewing of a crushingly potent blue mead that only Whitepaws and Jardin drink with any regularity.</p> <p>The syrupy blue liquid is fragrant with aromas of bark, flower petals, and mint to support the powerful flavor of honey and blueberry. It is also what Jardin calls a “sipping mead,” so surprisingly smooth and easy to drink that most overindulge.</p> <p>Glass 21 sp (silver only) Bottle 210 sp (silver only)</p>	<p>Vaasp <i>Herb Spirit</i></p> <p>A concoction of Whitepaw's design and Jardin's brewing talents, this clear spirit is made primarily of fermented potatoes but has been flavored with mint, thyme, rosemary, and cardamom – all spices Whitepaw carried with him into the Nine Hells in great supply, not knowing they would be fouled.</p> <p>The first barrel was stored five weeks after their imprisonment and has just been tapped a few tenday ago. Clean, bright, and fragrant, the flavor explodes with powerful herbs. Moraea enjoys using it as a mouthwash or sprinkling on her food as well.</p> <p>Glass 5gp or 40 sp Barrel (Not for wholesale)</p>	<p>Claypepper <i>Pepper Wine</i></p> <p>A re-purpose of fouled wine bought, for cheap, off of travelers, Claypepper is a very unique and often surprising sip.</p> <p>Befouled wine is poured into a small cask, magically formed from a wagon wheel or shield and cleaned by magic, along with a slurry of sweet and hot peppers that have been grown and soaked in blessed water.</p> <p>The cost of completely restoring the fouled wine is far too high, but with the punchy hot quality added by the peppers, the resulting sandy-brown blend is uniquely palatable within a tenday of being mixed. Perfect for spicing up otherwise lacking meals.</p> <p>Glass 4 sp (silver only) Cask 24 sp (silver only)</p>



Breakfast: 5 silver — Dinner: 8 silver



Strawberry Brandy

Often served with a crushed mint leaf, this brandy is sweet and dry with subtle notes of honey, almond, and fig supported by the tart unmistakable bite of strawberry.

Glass: 10 silver — Barrel: 8740 silver



Blue Breaker

A crushingly potent blue mead, this syrupy blue liquid is fragrant with aromas of bark, flower petals, and mint to support the powerful flavor of honey and blueberry.

Glass: 21 silver — Bottle: 210 silver



Vaasp

This clear spirit is made primarily of potatoes but has been flavored with mint, thyme, rosemary, and cardamom. Clean, bright, and fragrant, the flavor explodes with powerful herbs.

Glass: 40 silver



Claypepper

Claypepper is a very unique and often surprising sip, made with a slurry of sweet and hot peppers that have been grown and soaked in blessed water. Perfect for spicing up otherwise lacking meals.

Glass: 4 silver — Lask: 24 silver

Please note: we will only accept payment made in silver

APPENDIX A: MAGIC ITEMS AND TRINKETS

The magic items that are introduced or referenced in this supplement are detailed here in alphabetical order.

EARTHSHAKER GLOVES

Wondrous item, uncommon

The ground at your feet harmlessly rumbles when you draw a weapon or clench your fists in anger while wearing these heavy gloves. The first time you hit a creature with a melee attack on each of your turns, it must make a DC 14 Strength saving throw. On a failed save, it takes 1d6 bludgeoning damage and is knocked prone.

FLAMINGDEATH

Weapon (shortsword), very rare (requires attunement)

This sword has a wide, single-edged blade. The entire weapon is inscribed with numerous arcane glyphs that faintly glow in dim light or darkness.

This magical weapon ignores resistance to fire damage (but not immunity). When you hit with an attack using this magic sword, the target takes an additional 2d6 fire damage and is lit on fire. A creature burning in this way takes 5 fire damage at the start of its turn until it or another creature within 5 feet of uses an action to extinguish the flames.

Fire Drinker. Each time you take fire damage, the sword blazes with crimson flames until the end of your next turn. While alight, the next time you hit with an attack using this magic sword the target takes an additional 2d6 fire damage. After dealing this damage, the flames disappear.



*Earthshaker
Gloves*

GRIM SIESM

Weapon (spear), legendary (requires attunement by a creature of good or neutral alignment)

Grim Siesm is a magical spear of polished obsidian set with masterfully cut amethysts. While in contact with the ground, the spear's many facets glimmer and pulse.

You gain a +3 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon. It has the following additional properties:

Fracture. This weapon has the *thrown* property with a normal range of 20 feet and a long range of 60 feet. When you throw it, a fissure splits the ground in a 100-foot long line that follows the direction of your attack. The fissure is 1d10 x 10 feet deep, 10 feet wide, and a creature standing on a spot where the fissure opens must succeed on a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw or fall in. A creature that successfully saves moves with the fissure's edge as it opens. A fissure that opens beneath a structure causes it to automatically collapse. Any creature other than the attuned user attempting to retrieve the spear from a fissure can use an action to make a DC 25 Strength check, moving the spear up to 10 feet on a success.

Rumble. As an action, you may cause the ground around you to violently shudder. Each creature of your choice within 60 feet of you must make a DC 17 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature takes 2d10 bludgeoning damage and is knocked prone. On a successful save, a creature takes half damage and is not knocked prone. The ground becomes difficult terrain within that area. Once used, this property cannot be used again until the next dawn.

Earth Kin. While you are holding this weapon, you have *tremorsense* out to a distance of 30 feet. You may move in difficult terrain composed of earth or stone as if it were normal terrain. Also, you can move through solid earth and rock as if it were difficult terrain. If you end your turn inside stone or earth, you are shunted into the nearest space you last occupied.

Unyielding. At the end of your turn, you gain temporary hit points equal to your Constitution score which last until you finish a long rest. While you have these temporary hit points, attacks made with this weapon deal additional damage equal to half your character level.

When you are subjected to an effect that would move you, knock you prone, or both, you can use your reaction to neither be moved nor knocked prone.

Sentience. Grim Siesm is a sentient neutral weapon with an Intelligence of 10, a Wisdom of 17, and a Charisma of 18. It has hearing and darkvision out to a range of 120 feet.

The weapon can speak, read, and understand Terran (Primordial). While you are attuned to it, you also know and understand Terran (Primordial). Its voice is dry and raspy, as though eternally parched.

Personality. Grim Siesm's purpose is to safeguard the earth and sunder the sky, no matter the outcome. All beings who stride along the earth are kith, and those who take to the sky should be destroyed.

Secretly, Grim Siesm fears that its purpose will only lead to desolation and wishes to be put to a different task, particularly to seek out and destroy those who corrupt the earth, rock, and wilds of the plane on which it currently resides.

Conflict arises if the wielder attempts to fly by any means, treat with or aid a creature that calls the sky home, or is used to cause wanton destruction. A wielder that succumbs to Grim Siesm often finds their carefully made plans undone or abandoned completely.

INEVITABLE OPTIC

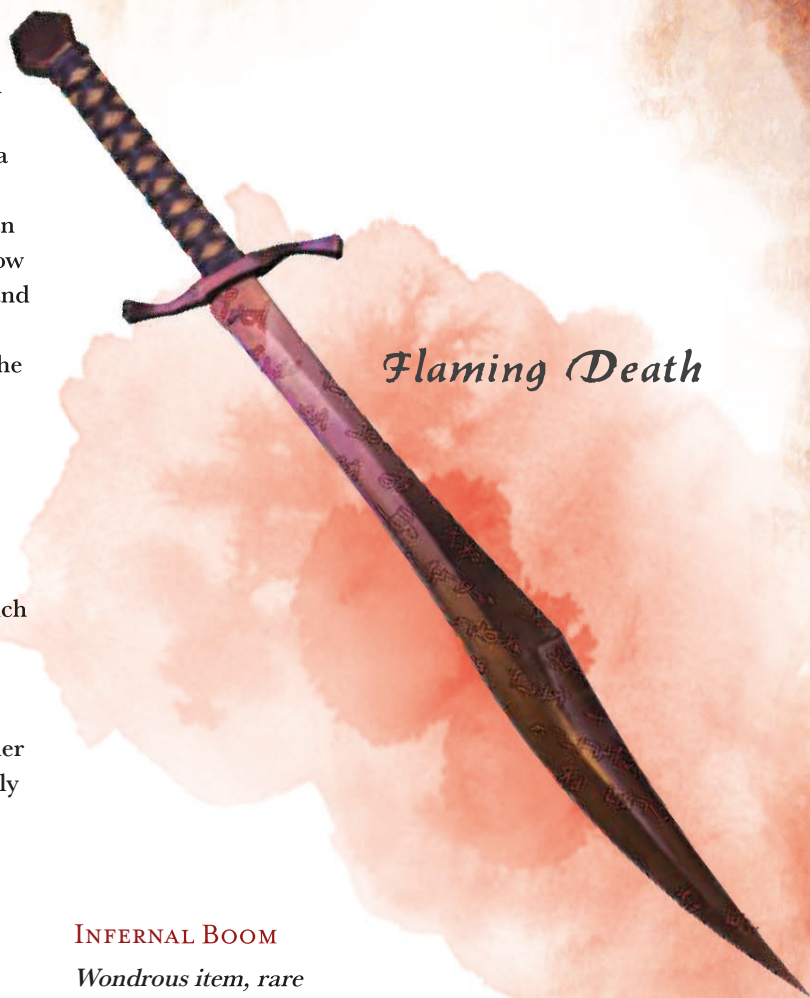
Wondrous item, legendary (requires attunement by a spellcaster)

Comprised of clockwork gears and shifting plates of gold and dark green adamantine, this mechanical eye still radiates the stable magic of Mechanus.

Arcane Array. While in place of your own eye, you can cast a spell of 1st through 3rd level into the inevitable optic using an 8th level spell slot. The spell has no effect, other than to be stored into the eye. If the spell is cast using a slot of 7th level or lower, it is expended without effect.

While attuned to the eye, you can cast the 3rd level of a spell stored inside the eye at will without expending a spell slot or material components. The spell uses your spell save DC, spell attack bonus, and spellcasting ability modifier.

For instance, you can use an 8th level spell slot and 100 gp worth of material components to cast the magic circle spell into the inevitable optic. Thereafter, you can cast the *magic circle* spell from the eye at 3rd level without expending a spell slot or supplying the material components.



Flaming Death

INFERNAL BOOM

Wondrous item, rare

This small wood and steel barrel has a woven canvas fuse that can be adjusted for immediate detonation or set to a duration as long as 10 minutes. You can light the fuse and throw it up to 15 feet as part of the same action. The keg explodes at the start of your next turn after the fuse burns out.

Each creature within 60 feet of the keg when it explodes must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. On a failed save, a creature is *deafened* for 1 minute and takes an amount of damage based on how far away it is from the exploding keg, as shown on the following table. On a successful save, a creature takes half as much damage and is not deafened.

Distance from Keg	Damage
5 ft. away or closer	8d6 fire and 3d6 necrotic damage
6 to 20 ft. away	6d6 fire and 2d6 necrotic damage
21 ft. to 40 ft. away	3d6 fire and 1 necrotic damage
41 ft. to 60 ft. away	1d6 fire damage

Anchored by Baator. Creatures killed by the blast of this powder keg have their souls hurled into the Nine Hells, where they wander aimlessly until collected by a devil, resurrected on one of the layers of Baator, or escorted to the realm of their deity. Devils killed by the blast reform on the Nine Hells after 1d4 days, even if killed in the Nine Hells.

REVISAL HOURGLASS

Wondrous item, very rare (requires attunement)

This three inch tall crystal hourglass is filled with pink sand and hangs from a thin mithral chain. You can use an action and speak the hourglass's command word to make the sand begin to pour. After 30 seconds have passed, you are brought to 0 hit points, or you are killed outright, the hourglass resets and you are restored to the amount of hit points you had when the hourglass was activated.

RING OF ELEMENTAL MANIPULATION

Wondrous item, rare (requires attunement)

This gold ring is set with a single fleck each of amethyst, emerald, ruby, sapphire, and diamond. The ring has 5 charges. When you take acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage, you can use your reaction and expend 1 charge to gain resistance to the triggering damage type until the start of your next turn.

Also, the first time you deal damage of the triggering type on your next turn, treat the lowest rolled damage die as though you rolled the highest number possible.

The ring regains 1d4 + 1 expended charges daily at dawn.

SPARKLE

Weapon (shortsword), rare (requires attunement)

The polished blade of this simple-looking shortsword glitters unnaturally in even the dimmest light. You gain a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with this magic weapon.

Bolster. As an action, you can cause the sword to shed bright light in a 10-foot radius for 1 minute. Each creature of non-evil alignment that starts their turn in the light cast by the sword gains 1d10 temporary hit points. Once used, this property cannot be used again until the next dawn.



INFERNAL TRINKETS

When rolling for trinkets, consider using this table which is designed for a game set in The Nine Hells.

d100	Trinket
01-02	A petrified imp's tongue.
03-04	A smoldering scrap of paper with your name scrawled on it that doesn't burn.
05-06	A 2-inch tall wax idol of a dragon with 5 heads.
07-08	A glass vial full of black liquid that periodically forms into screaming faces.
09-10	A strip of dried human flesh.
11-12	A bag filled with tan-colored tallow that quivers constantly.
13-14	A silver talisman that randomly burns with heatless flames one hour each day.
15-16	A 1-foot length of silk rope that wraps around and clings to anything it touches.
17-18	A silver chain with infernal runes written on every link but one.
19-20	A knife blade that turns its edge to cut the hand that reaches for it.
21-22	A fist sized petrified cat named Boo who has been waiting for a thousand years.
23-24	A small cotton ram that shoots a 1-inch flame from its nostrils when squeezed.
25-26	A perfectly preserved bat skeleton.
27-28	A single maple leaf that will roll along behind you if dropped.
29-30	A pouch of yellow dust that shifts and moves away from your touch.
31-32	A steel meat hook that continually drips with demon ichor.
33-34	A glass canister with a metal bottom that fills with electricity 1 hour before a thunderstorm.
35-36	Half of a love letter written to Asmodeus.
37-38	An opal tongue stud that tastes sweet when you lie.
39-40	A vial of blood collected from the River Styx.
41-42	A small glass box full of dead flesh-eating beetles.
43-44	A pair of earmuffs that constantly hum gentle music when worn, but one of the earmuffs stops playing periodically.
45-46	A jar of <i>sovereign glue</i> that is completely hardened and unusable.
47-48	An ornate pair of comfortable leather boots that collect tiny stones and sand when worn.
49-50	A solid black tunic that is comfortable in all weather, but sheds flecks of multi-colored glitter when touched.
51-52	A shard of red crystal that reeks of sulfur.
53-54	A flat square of metal that turns gelatinous in the palm of your hand and reverts to normal when not held.
55-56	A slender two-pronged fork that sizzles when jabbed into food as if scalding hot.
57-58	A quill that writes in red regardless of the color ink it is dipped in.
59-60	A glass jar full of moldy children's teeth.
61-62	A stone cup that causes water poured into it to turn black and bubble.
63-64	A silver drinking flask filled with a dwarf's tears.
65-66	A perforated human skull that gently floats to the ground when dropped.
67-68	A lace garter that has a putrid finger sewn onto it.
69-70	A small pillow overstuffed with hair and fingernails.
71-72	A green blanket that smells of freshly cut grass.
73-74	A soot covered bottle with a swallow of wine left in it that cannot be poured out.
75-76	A 1-inch long iron spike with one of your companion's names written on its head.
77-78	The cracked lens of a monocle without a frame.
79-80	A 3-inch tall iron maiden with no apparent way to open it.
81-82	A necklace of nine demon teeth, the middle-most of which is carved into a cage that holds a living spider.
83-84	A sheer pouch filled with maggots that understand and speak Common.
85-86	The other, more lewd, half of a love letter written to Asmodeus.
87-88	Two crystal beetles that come to life for 1 hour every year.
89-90	A single strand of hair trapped in crystal with the infernal words for "Don't Open" etched onto the side.
91-92	A tube of pumpkin spice scented lip wax with an unfamiliar curly hair running through it.
93-94	A small mirror that makes your image appear far more ugly than you are.
95-96	A flat container of makeup that never seems to be the right shade.
97-98	A soft, clean, over-sized towel that falls onto the ground each time you try to use it.
99-100	A large metal canteen that leaks no matter how securely the cap is fastened.

APPENDIX B: BESTIARY AND NPCs

The Nine Hells are home to a veritably endless assemblage of dangerous and often hostile lifeforms. From scampering carrion-eating rodents to caretakers that jaunt across the multiverse plying their unknowable trade, creatures mentioned in this book are detailed here for use in your own games, wherever in the multiverse they may show themselves.

The monsters and NPCs are presented in alphabetical order.

NEW CREATURES BY CHALLENGE RATING

Creature	CR	Creature	CR
Brawn Fletcher	9	Sapphire Amberglass	5
Infernal Hog	1/4	The Sisters	
Infernal Nipper	0	Binala	6
Critter	22	Demoria	7
Jardin Braxis	4	Elsys	9
Librarian	12	The Traveler	-
Moraea	4		

BRAWN “THE FLEXOR OF HEXTOR” FLETCHER

The Nine Hells are an especially dangerous place for priests not loyal to the archdukes and archduchesses of Baator. Despite the danger, a single goliath priest from the far-flung land of Greyhawk has prospered. Brawn seeks to spread the knowledge of not only their god, but of the development and care of the body, humanoid or otherwise.

Pilgrim of Hextor. Brawn has trained their body and their spirit to reflect the teaching of Hextor, a god of war and physical fitness. Hextor is also known as the Herald of Hell for the partnership between their clergy and the denizens of the Hells. As part of Brawn's teachings, they, too, ventured to the Nine Hells in order to attain the rank of “Knight Terrible.” The title came with a closer connection to Hextor but also met remarkable resistance from the fiends of Baator, who loathe such imbalances in power. Brawn found themselves surrounded by enemies, and so ventured, alone, to Avernus.

An Unlikely Home. Forging alliances in the desolate ruin of Avernus proved even more problematic, until Critter (see *Chapter 2*) caught their attention. Brawn,

ready for a challenge, grappled with the gargantuan creature to a stalemate. So perplexed was the proprietor of the inn strapped to its back that she extended an invitation to the priest. Brawn has since fought off invasions of devils, fed wayward mortals, trained yugoloth mercenaries, and proven themselves worthy of calling the inn their home.

Perfection, Crafted. Brawn has redoubled their efforts to perfect their mortal body. They train eight hours a day, use spells and tinctures to repair their body, stuff themselves with food, and train again. They have, through their efforts, reached peak physical conditioning, so much so that every fiber of their muscles seem like iron cables with every movement. Still, they continue to push themselves, as though the next step will put them at the side of Hextor themselves.

A Lizard Rider. Happenstance brought Brawn's attention to an eye-catching woman atop a riding lizard, defying the ruination promised by Avernus. Now, Brawn has fixated on her as singularly as they focus on their god.

Statistics. Brawn uses the statistics of a **war priest** (VGtM 218) with the following changes:

- They wear no armor but have developed a natural armor against attack (AC 16).
- Their Strength score is 22, and their maul attack is +10 to hit and does 13 (2d6 + 6) bludgeoning damage.
- They have the *create food and water* spell prepared in place of *revivify*. When cast, they can create flavorful and nutritious food far beyond what the spell can generally conjure.

BRAWN'S TRAITS

Ideal. “I want to be the strongest creature in the multiverse. In that pursuit, I will know Hextor's true blessing.”

Bond. “The people that call the Inn home are under my protection.”

Flaw. “The scriptures and teachings of Hextor are beyond reproach, and I follow them unerringly.”

INFERNAL HOGS

The origin of native swine to the Nine Hells is widely disputed. Some claim the creatures were willed into existence to torment lemure while others believe wild boars found their way to Baator and feasted on enough carrion to be fully corrupted by the plane. Regardless of origin, infernal hogs are grotesque, bloated, vile opportunists who devour everything they come across or manage to gore to death.

Passel of Mouths. Where there is one infernal hog, there are many. Only wounded swine move in isolation, whereas a healthy hog may appear in just a matter of seconds with a group of as many as 50 other infernal hogs, swarming potential food. They plow over battlefields and charge into clusters of lemure, slashing and gnawing anything that moves. When only corpses and ichor remain, they fill their expansive bellies to bursting and drag prizes back to their disgusting dens where they regurgitate their meals, stamp their new prizes to pieces, and feast on the resulting slurry again, ever hungry.

Twisted Creatures. So changed are infernal hogs that they are nearly unrecognizable from their Prime Material kin. Their heads are sunken and angular with wide, hooked tusks and bony spines that pierce their bony heads. Their hips are splayed and gaunt, dragging their gargantuan bellies between their stubby legs. Infernal hogs are born pregnant and give birth within a year. Few live very long after and become food for their fellows.

Infernal Hog

medium fiend, lawful evil

Armor Class 12 (natural armor)

Hit Points 8 (2d8)

Speed 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	8 (-1)	11 (+0)	4 (-3)	5 (-3)	5 (-3)

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 60ft, passive Perception 7

Languages -

Challenge 1/2 (100 xp)

Charge. If the infernal hog moves at least 20 feet straight toward a target and then hits with a tusk attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 3 (1d6) slashing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Strength saving throw or be knocked prone.

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede the infernal hog's darkvision.

ACTIONS

Tusk. Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 5 (1d6+2) slashing damage and 4 (1d8) poison damage.

Spew Bile (1/short rest). The Infernal Hog retches and spews a fountain of vile sludge that fills a 5-foot cube in front of it. A creature in the area takes 2 (1d4) poison damage and must succeed on a DC 12 Constitution saving throw or be blinded until the start of their next turn.



Infernal Hog

INFERNAL NIPPERS

The endless layers of the Nine Hells are home to all manner of peculiar and interesting creatures, none more rare than the infernal nipper.

Carrion Eaters. Though the creatures do not need to eat, infernal nippers got their name for taking a nibble out of practically anything in their path, be it a rock, scrap of cloth, ingot of steel, or a living creature. They're always on the hunt for a corpse. On a given day, they can eat twenty times their body weight in demon ichor, dead flesh, and blood. When their nibbles are not met with the unmistakable taste of decay, the rodent-like fiends chitter unhappily and trundle away, confused.

Infernal Nipper

Tiny fiend, lawful evil

Armor Class 7

Hit Points 6 (1d4+4)

Speed 20 ft., burrow 5 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	4 (-3)	18 (+4)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 20ft, passive Perception 11

Languages understands Infernal but can't speak it

Challenge 0 (10 xp)

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede the infernal nipper's darkvision.

ACTIONS

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 1 piercing damage.

Infernal
Nipper



CRITTER

An experiment of sorts, the creature responsible for Margrin's Magnificent Traveling Inn's locomotion across the endless plane of Avernus was once an extremely rare and diminutive creature known as an **infernal nipper**. Now Critter is 60 feet long and 40 feet tall, with calloused, scorched flesh, claws as large as a man, and powerful limbs capable of traversing any impediment in Avernus.

Trained. Critter has been conditioned to ignore its natural desire to bite and scratch everything it comes across, but does occasionally seek out fresh battlefields to scour for corpses.

Magic Infused. A great number of spells have been cast upon Critter over the decades by Margrin. Layer after layer of magical effects, many made permanent through great expense, are responsible for her size and incredible toughness.

Critter

Gargantuan fiend, lawful evil

Armor Class 16 (natural armor)

Hit Points 525 (30d20 + 180)

Speed 60 ft., burrow 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	15 (+2)	25 (+7)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	8 (-1)

Saving Throws Str +13, Dex +9, Con +14

Skills Acrobatics +9, Athletics +13

Damage Resistances cold; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage from nonmagical weapons that aren't silvered

Damage Immunities fire, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120ft, passive Perception 11

Languages understands Infernal but can't speak it

Challenge 22 (41,000 xp)

Devil's Sight. Magical darkness doesn't impede Critter's darkvision.

Regeneration. Critter regains 10 hit points at the start of its turn if she has at least 1 hit point.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Critter makes three attacks: one with her bite and two with her claws.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +13 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 25 (3d12 + 6) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it is grappled (escape DC 16). Until this grapple ends, the target is restrained, and Critter can't bite another target.

Claw. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +13 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. *Hit:* 19 (3d8 + 6) slashing damage.

JARDIN BRAX

Jarden Brax is a founding member of the Greenspeakers along with his childhood companion, Moraea – though their first chance meeting was anything but endearing.

Bringers of Plague. At the age of eleven, Jarden was part of a human pilgrimage, the first, to settle in an ancient forest called The Emerald. His people unintentionally brought a sickness previously unknown to denizens that called the forest home, a plague that saw one out of every five of them dead within three months. When the forest retaliated, the pilgrims were wiped out. During the violence, Jarden was secreted away by an alabaster skinned nymph named Moraea, who sang to him as his people were destroyed just over the next hill.

The Greenspeakers. Moraea and Jarden became inseparable, and as Jarden entered adulthood they made a name for themselves by defending the forest time and time again. As their legend grew, others loyal to the natural world were drawn to them.

Defiler's Shell. A swarm of sea creatures led a campaign into The Emerald carrying a powerful artifact they'd recovered from the depths of the sea. The twisted creatures were thwarted, but not before chaos was unleashed in The Emerald by the magical conch in their possession – trees formed writhing tentacles, the ground near it turned to marsh, and streams ran with seawater. To reverse the forest's fate, the Greenspeakers set out to see the relic destroyed – a course of action that led them to the Nine Hells and their undue imprisonment.

The Shattered One. During their expedition into Baator, Jarden and his companions drew a great deal of attention, particularly from the single-minded erinyes, Tyryvna, The Shattered. The devil had made promises to retrieve the relic, to what end, none can be certain, but before the snare could cinch around them, the Greenspeakers cast it into the River Styx, destroying it utterly and for all time.

Enraged, the erinyes surrounded and battled with the adventurers, leaving no choice but for Jarden to sequester the group in the undercroft of a razed stronghold. Two have died, three still linger, and they are wasting away in a tomb of their own making, which Jarden named The Dead Can Dance.

Jardin Brax

Medium humanoid (human), lawful good

Armor Class 17 (splint)
Hit Points 76 (9d8 + 24)
Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	11 (+0)	18 (+4)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)

Saving Throws Str +7, Dex +3, Con +7, Int +3, Wis +7, Cha +8
Skills Athletics +6, Insight +4, Persuasion +4
Senses passive Perception 12
Languages Common, Elvish, Infernal
Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Spellcasting. Jarden is a 6th-level spellcaster. His spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 12, +4 to hit with spell attacks). He has the following paladin spells prepared:

1st level (4 slots): *ceremony, command, protection from evil and good, ensnaring strike*

2nd level (3 slots): *lesser restoration, moonbeam, misty step*

Aura of Protection. While Jarden is conscious, whenever he or a friendly creature within 10 feet of him must make a saving throw, the creature gains a +3 bonus to the saving throw (included in the Saving Throws).

ACTIONS

Multiattack. Jarden makes two attacks with his greataxe.

Greataxe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d12 + 4) slashing damage and 4 (1d8) radiant damage.

Lay on Hands. Jarden has a healing pool of 30 hit points. He can touch a creature and draw power from the pool to restore a number of hit points to that creature, up to the maximum amount remaining in the pool or spend 5 points from the pool to cure one disease or neutralize one poison affecting it.

This feature has no effect on undead and constructs.

ROLEPLAYING INFORMATION

Jarden is a level-headed pragmatist and a sound military tactician. Some would call him implacable, but Jarden himself would say he's sure in his faith. "Death is not the end, my friends," is a common phrase coming from him, and, in his mind, the undeniable truth.

Ideal. "Worship is my shield and friendship my weapon against the evils of this hostile land."

Bond. "Everything I do and have ever done is for my companions, for Moraea, for my chosen family."

Flaw. "I am unyielding once I set my mind to a thing, especially if others are critical of my decision."

LIBRARIANS

The multiverse is home to innumerable volumes of information: arcane lore, mystical teachings, compilations of ingredients and techniques for any number of trades. Those endless pages, particularly those without copies, need tending to and protection, which is the sole purpose of a small group of unknowable entities called librarians.

The Archive. No one knows from where librarians originate or where they return to, but the location is referred to as simply The Archive. Some scholars have suggested the location may be a demiplane in which boundless lore is safeguarded, others believe it to be the realm of an elder evil that greedily devours the knowledge brought to it.

Eldritch Forms. Though librarians appear humanoid in shape, they are inherently twisted and malformed, unnatural. They are uncommonly tall and thin for the race they choose to mimic and their movements are grotesque and unsettling – some walk on the tips of their fingers and toes with their limbs angled like that of a spider while others sweep across several strides of ground in an instant reminiscent of smoke blown on the wind. Librarians do nothing to hide such unsettling traits; they are likely to purposefully flex their fingers at impossible degrees or twist their heads to unsurvivable angles when interacting with mortals.

Eternal Stewards. Though librarians never age, rest, or grow ill, they are still incredibly rare for mortals to witness. Only one librarian exists on a single plane of existence at any given time. However, new librarians are birthed, created, enlisted, or formed every day by whatever unknowable entity spawns them in order to police the ever-growing multiverse.

Capable Administrators. None need ask for the services of a librarian, nor can they be denied from plying their trade. From peasants in their hovels to Elemental Princes lounging in their pleasure palaces – their tomes will be tended to all the same. Librarians ensure that a copy is made of every book in the multiverse, which is taken back to the archive. They also preserve rare tomes and scriptures, restore weathered bindings, and organize and catalog each book they come across, including the name and scent of those who have handled the book since it was last tended.

Lore Brokers. Though they have no need of wealth or show any sign of having desires outside of their efforts,

librarians can be persuaded by respectful and well-read creatures to make requests for certain hard-to-find tomes. Such tasks carry an undeniably high price: a magical tome, a filled spellbook, a newly written book of lore, or a year's work tending to a library without compensation are some of the prices exacted by librarians in the past.

Librarian

Medium aberration (unknowable), lawful neutral

Armor Class 17

Hit Points 199 (21d10 + 84)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	10 (+0)	18 (+4)	24 (+7)	22 (+6)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Int +11, Cha +8

Skills Arcana +15, History +15, Religion +15

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, **Damage Resistances** poison, psychic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage

Senses truesight 60ft, passive Perception 16

Languages all but rarely speaks

Challenge 12 (8,400 xp)

Immutable Form. The librarian is immune to any spell or effect that would alter its form.

Fleeting Movement. The librarian can move as though under the effects of the *freedom of movement*, *spider climb*, and *water walk* spells.

Innate Spellcasting. The librarian's innate spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 19). It can innately cast the following spells, requiring no components:

At will: *contact other plane*, *plane shift* (self only)

2/day: *teleport* (self only)

Legendary Resistance (3/day). If the librarian fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The librarian makes two touch attacks.

Inconceivable Touch. *Melee Spell Attack:* +11 to hit, range 5ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d10) psychic damage and the target must succeed on a DC 19 Wisdom saving throw or use its reaction to make a melee or ranged weapon attack against a creature of the librarian's choice within range.

Shush (1/day). The librarian hisses a soft swishing sound that can be heard clearly out to a distance of 60 feet. Each creature in the area of effect that has taken an action since the librarian's last turn must make a DC 19 Intelligence saving throw. On a failed save, a creature drops to 0 hit points, but is stabilized. On a success, a creature is stunned until the end of its next turn.

MORAEA “THE SONGSTRESS”

An otherworldly beauty, Moraea is far more than a typical nymph. She has exaggerated features such as a long, thin neck, extremely prominent pointed ears, unnaturally white skin that glistens emerald green in bright light, and huge, delicate eyes that slowly blink every few minutes. Though Moraea seldom speaks, she sings quite often and incredibly well.

Circle of the Lost. Moraea is a druid of The Emerald, a forest that birthed her, nurtured her, and led her down her current path. Like all druids of that circle, she has a calming, soothing presence. The living and the dead feel unnatural comfort and calmness around her, especially when she sings.

Tender Heart. Moraea spent years safeguarding The Emerald before Jardin and his people tried to settle there. As sickness spread from them, she could feel the forest turn bloodthirsty, dangerous. When the time came to intervene, she did what she could and saved a boy, Jardin, from the fate that befell his people. For a time she was his guardian, but as he matured and grew into a powerful adventurer, she became more – a friend, a companion, a lover, and an equal in all things.



Moraea

Medium fey (nymph), neutral

Armor Class 12 (16 with *barkskin*)

Hit Points 40 (9d8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
10 (+0)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)	14 (+2)	16 (+3)	18 (+4)

Saving Throws Con +2, Wis +5

Skills Perception +5, Stealth +5

Senses darkvision 60ft, passive Perception 14

Languages Common, Elvish, Sylvan,

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Fey Ancestry. Moraea has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put her to sleep.

Innate Spellcasting. Moraea's innate spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14). She can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At Will: *druidcraft, speak with dead*

3/day each: *fog cloud, goodberry*

1/day each: *barkskin, pass without trace, magic stone*

Magic Resistance. Moraea has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

Speak with Beasts, Plants, and the Dead. Moraea can

communicate with beasts, plants, and undead as if they shared a language.

Spellcasting. Moraea is a 10th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 13, +6 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following druid spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *mending, poison spray, produce flame, thorn whip, spare the dying*

1st level (4 slots): *create or destroy water, cure wounds, faerie fire, purify food and drink*

2nd level (3 slots): *gentle repose, moonbeam, spike growth*

3rd level (3 slots): *conjure animals, plant growth*

ACTIONS

Baton. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit (+6 to hit with *shillelagh*), reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d6) bludgeoning damage, or 8 (1d8+4) bludgeoning damage with *shillelagh*.

Alluring Utterance. Moraea sings a somber yet comforting song which is audible to living creatures out to a distance of 60 feet. Undead spirits such as shadows, specters, poltergeists, and will-o'-wisps can hear the melody out to a distance of 300 feet.

Non-hostile creatures who hear the welcoming song know the direction and distance to its source.

Hostile creatures who hear the utterance must succeed on a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw at the start of their turn or become disoriented by the noise. A disoriented creature uses all its movement to move in a random direction. To determine the direction, roll a d8 and assign a direction to each die face. Undead spirits of challenge rating 4 or lower make their save at disadvantage.

The spark of her, the livelihood and joy, has dimmed. Only through great effort from her and her surviving companions has she held on to any semblance of herself. If it weren't for the Sheltered Garden (see *Chapter 3*), Moraea fears she'd have lost her mind completely since their imprisonment.

Ghost Speaker. So powerful is the urge to practice the arts of her circle that Moraea has not only tended to her deceased companions each day, but has taken to calling out to nearby wayward souls with her Alluring Utterance to entice them into the shelter. Sometimes living travelers to the Nine Hells happen by as well. Such meetings are Moraea's lifeblood and bring a smile to her face and tears to her eyes.

THE SISTERS

The three enthralled moon elf spellcasters loyal to Shara are known collectively as The Sisters. Though not of blood relation, the three do share similarities that made them each an alluring acquisition for Sister Shara. Each of the powerful wizards specialize in a unique school of magic and have created a name for themselves even among the inhuman might of the devils that call Baator home. They spend the majority of their time near Shara, but the three sisters do venture away from her to further their studies or see to important errands.

BINALA

Binala is slender and tall even by elven standards. A tinkerer, scholar, and transmutation expert, Binala is the least personable of the sisters, closed off, disinterested, and aloof. She would rather spend her days tinkering with the weave to alter the numerous trinkets that she carries with her at all time.

She sets out, daily, to travel the city of Dis and study the numerous and varied items on offer from a plethora of vendors and salespeople who ply their trade. She gives particular attention to items from the unknowable Far Realm and the crushing Elemental Plane of Earth.

BINALA'S TRAITS

Ideal. "I like seeing people in awe of my magic."

Bond. "I would die or kill for my sisters, but I would gladly suffer in the Abyss for my beloved Shara."

Flaw. "I am obsessed with magical trinkets and horde them like a dragon."

Binala

Medium humanoid (moon elf), lawful evil

Armor Class 12 (15 with *mage armor*)

Hit Points 45 (10d8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	14 (+2)	11 (+0)	17 (+3)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)

Saving Throws Int +6, Wis +4

Skills Arcana +6, Religion +6, Perception +4

Senses darkvision 60ft, passive Perception 14

Languages Abyssal, Common, Elvish, Infernal

Challenge 6 (2,300 XP)

Fey Ancestry. Binala has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put her to sleep.

Innate Spellcasting. Binala's innate spellcasting ability is Intelligence. She can innately cast the following spells, requiring no components:

3/day: *polymorph* (self only, into a beast of challenge rating 1 or lower)

Spellcasting. Binala is a 10th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 14, +6 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *acid splash, chill touch, mending, message, mold earth, prestidigitation*

1st level (4 slots): *catapult, ray of sickness, expeditious retreat, *mage armor*

2nd level (3 slots): *alter self, *arcane lock, blindness/deafness*

3rd level (3 slots): *blink, *fly*, bestow curse, erupting earth**

4th level (3 slots): *blight, polymorph**

5th level (2 slots): *telekinesis**

*Transmutation spell of 1st level or higher

Transmuter's Stone. Binala carries a magic stone she crafted that grants her one of the following effects:

- Darkvision out to a range of 60 feet
- An extra 10 feet of speed while she is unencumbered
- Proficiency with Constitution saving throws
- Resistance to acid, cold, fire, lightning, or thunder damage (her choice whenever she chooses this benefit)

If Binala has the stone and casts a transmutation spell of 1st level or higher, she can change the effect of the stone.

ACTIONS

Shortsword. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

DEMORIA

The wealthy heiress to a noble house, Demoria was groomed for leadership and influence in the political sphere. Before time came for her to assume that role, her paths crossed with Sister Shara, and now she is often no more than a stride or two distant from the vampire.

Sister Demoria takes great pleasure in luxury and bouts of hedonism. She is the least trusting and most conniving of all the sisters, but the least rash or arrogant. Some may even call her fun when not on the wrong side of her blades and spells. One need only enable her bottomless desire for the finer things to earn a sliver of her admiration or respect.

DEMORIA'S TRAITS

Ideal. "Opulence is a virtue."

Bond. "I will serve my sisters and the elven people forever."

Flaw. "I cannot return home, not after the things I have done."



Sister
Demoria

ELSYS

Sister Elsys has a hag-like appreciation of the grotesque and vile. She, herself, is unwashed and scratches at a scabby patch on her wrist until bloody. She's apt to giggle with joy at things that would normally make the stomach turn, including such horrific acts as torture or vivisection.

She can almost always be found in the company of her lavishly dressed skeleton servant named Ivar, and a fetid undead crab she calls Scabsycrab [SKAB-see-crab], who clings to her sticky robes and dances merrily at her sing-song voice.

ELSYS'S TRAITS

Ideal. "The idiots of the world should be led around by the nose like cattle."

Bond. "I owe my survival to Shara, my beautiful sisters, and the corpses we've made along the way."

Flaw. "I have few uses, if any, for the living."



Sister
Elsys

Demoria

Medium humanoid (moon elf), lawful evil

Armor Class 12 (studded leather, 17 during *bladesong*)

Hit Points 69 (11d8+20)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)

Saving Throws Int +9, Wis +4

Skills Arcana +9, History +9, Perception +4, Performance +5

Damage Resistance bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing damage

Senses darkvision 60ft, passive Perception 14

Languages Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Infernal

Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Fey Ancestry. Demoria has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put her to sleep.

Spellcasting. Demoria is an 11th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 14, +9 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *blade ward, light, minor illusion, prestidigitation, ray of frost, true strike*

1st level (4 slots): *absorb elements, expeditious retreat, identify, longstrider, thunder wave*

2nd level (3 slots): *blur, hold person, counterspell*

3rd level (3 slots): *haste, blink, lightning bolt*

4th level (3 slots): *greater invisibility, Otiluke's Resilient*

Sphere

5th level (2 slots): *steel wind strike, wall of force*

6th level (1 slot): *contingency*

Bladesong (2/short or long rest). Demoria invokes a secret elven magic for 1 minute that gives her the following bonuses:

- She gains a +5 bonus to her AC.
- Her speed increases by 10 feet.
- She has advantage on all Dexterity (Acrobatics) checks.
- She gains a +5 bonus to any Constitution saving throw made to maintain concentration on a spell.

ACTIONS

Multiaction. Demoria makes two attacks with her shortsword.

Rapier. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 6 (1d8 + 2) piercing damage.

Elsys

Medium humanoid (moon elf), lawful evil

Armor Class 12 (15 with *mage armor*)

Hit Points 66 (12d8 + 12)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
9 (-1)	14 (+2)	12 (+1)	17 (+3)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)

Saving Throws Int +7, Wis +5

Skills Arcana +7, Religion +7

Damage Resistances necrotic

Senses darkvision 60ft, passive Perception 14

Languages Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Infernal

Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Fey Ancestry. Elsys has advantage on saving throws against being charmed, and magic can't put her to sleep.

Spellcasting. Elsys is an 11th-level spellcaster. Her spellcasting ability is Intelligence (spell save DC 15, +7 to hit with spell attacks). She has the following wizard spells prepared:

Cantrips (at will): *dancing lights, chill touch, message, toll the dead, ray of frost*

1st level (4 slots): *cause fear,* mage armor, ray of sickness,* shield*

2nd level (3 slots): *blindness/deafness,* ray of enfeeblement**

3rd level (3 slots): *animate dead,* vampiric touch**

4th level (3 slots): *blight, stonkskin*

5th level (2 slots): *danse macabre,* negative energy flood**

6th level (1 slot): *create undead**

*Necromancy spell of 1st level or higher

Grim Harvest (1/Turn). When Elsys kills a creature that is neither a construct nor undead with a spell of 1st level or higher, she regains hit points equal to twice the spell's level, or three times if it is a necromancy spell.

ACTIONS

Withering Touch. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 5 (2d4) necrotic damage.

THE TRAVELER

The Traveler is a single-masted custom made astral sloop, a sailing vessel usable on the astral sea, rivers and oceans, or, when fitted with an air balloon, the sky.

It is, by design, small enough to be sailed by a single person, but a crew of 3 or more work best. It is often used to transport small amounts of cargo or passengers, but has since been fitted with a small array of weapons for its maiden voyage into the Nine Hells.

FEATURES

Light. A single lamp filled with living, glowing grubs casts bright light across the ship.

Rigging. The network of ropes of the ship can be climbed without an ability check.

Sail. The Traveler has one 20-foot tall mast with sails.

Astral Hull. The body of the ship has been enchanted to stay afloat on and survive voyages across the astral sea even in the most harrowing conditions.

Balloon. A massive cylindrical balloon can be mounted to the mast to allow the ship to take to the air. The spidersilk balloon is magical in nature and, as an action, can be filled with blisteringly hot air by speaking the balloon's command word. When not in use, the balloon is deflated and wrapped securely around the mast.

CREW

The ship is captained by Sapphire Amberglass and two imps, each of which have proficiency with water vehicles.

DECK

The deck has the following features:

Ballista. Two ballista (*DMG* 255) are mounted on the ship's fore and aft decks. Ten ballista arrows are stored in upright barrels next to each ballista.

Railing. The deck has a 3-foot high railing around its perimeter that provides half cover for Medium creatures and three-quarters cover for Small or smaller creatures behind it.

CABIN

The Cabin has the following features:

Standing Lockers. There are ten 6-foot tall lockers on either side of the door.

Furnishings. A single shelf adorns the wall opposite the entrance with three chairs which are strapped to the wall underneath it.

Hammocks. Eight large canvas hammocks are rolled up and stored in niches in the floor. Each hammock takes 1 minute to hang from eye bolts secured to the walls of the cabin.

The Traveler

Gargantuan Vehicle (60ft. by 20ft.)

Creature Capacity 3-8 crew, 15 passengers

Cargo Capacity 1,500 lbs

Travel Pace 3 miles per hour (72 miles per day)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
8 (-1)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)

ACTIONS

On its turn, The Traveler can take 2 actions, choosing from the options below. It can take only 1 action if it has only one crew. It can't take these actions if it has no crew.

Fire Ballista (AC 15, 50 HP). *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, range 120/480ft., one target. *Hit:* 16 (3d10) piercing damage.

Move. The Traveler can use its helm to move with its sails or balloon.

HULL

Armor Class 15 **Hit Points** 160 (damage threshold 10)

CONTROL: HELM

Armor Class 12 **Hit Points** 60

Move up to the speed of one of the ships movement components, with one 90-degree turn. If the helm is destroyed, The Traveler can't turn.

MOVEMENT: SAILS

Armor Class 12 **Hit Points** 50; -5 ft. speed per 20 damage taken

Speed (water, air) 25ft.; 15ft. while sailing into the wind; 35 ft. when sailing with the wind

MOVEMENT: BALLOON

Armor Class 16 **Hit Points** 80; -30 ft elevation per 20 damage taken. When dropped to 0 hp, The Traveler falls.

Speed (air only) 30 ft. ascending or descending.

APPENDIX C: SUBSTANCES

Devils collect and attempt to profit from a wide range of items within the Nine Hells. Despite the pain it may inflict on them, they even barter in silver and silvered weapons. It is no surprise that devils also collect and barter with substances that are just as damaging to mortals.

An array of illicit substances, alcohol, and narcotics are detailed here in alphabetical order.

ALCOHOL

The following alcoholic beverages may be spotted when visiting the Nine Hells. All food and drink not sold by a licensed merchant will taste disgusting, corrupted by the evil that permeates Baator. Some brews, which are primarily enjoyed by fiends, will taste awful regardless of where they are encountered.



ALE AND BEER A-Z

Various beverages made from approximations of fermented grains and sugary victuals are listed below in alphabetical order. These brews are cheap and effective ways for fiends to experience a little decadence in their day-to-day lives. Mortals may drink such offerings to ensure the water that keeps them living has at least been boiled and fermented first.

DEVIL MAKES THREE BY CELESTE

Red Ale – **Glass** 1 gold coin **Bottle** 1 platinum coin*

This crisp red ale is infused with hints of cardamom and allspice. It is the only beer brewed in the material realm and then imported to the Nine Hells. This is the signature creation of the Devil Makes Three brew house located in the city of Baldur's Gate. It is owned and operated entirely by licensed tieflings, who ensure consistent shipments reach their hellish brethren.

* Fiends find it extremely charming to pay for a mortal beverage with the useless mortal money their victims are always trying to offer them.

RIVER STYX BY CELESTE

Sour Beer – **Glass** one mortal tooth **Bottle** illegal to sell*

This sour brew is distilled from the waters of the River Styx. It is a favorite of the working-class fiend. This watery brew is cheap, easy to drink, and guarantees you'll forget your problems.

Effect: *While drinking a glass of River Styx, you can't remember anything that happened to you in the past 24 hours. Once sober, all memories return.*

* Tavern owners in the Nine Hells have collectively agreed to forbid the sale of whole bottles of River Styx. Upon consuming an entire bottle, a drinker forgets everything, permanently, including the tavern itself, sometimes never returning as a patron. Tavern owners agree, that is just bad for business.

WISP

Ale – **Bottle** 3sp 2cp

A pale, flavorful ale served in opaque white bottles. Sweet and grain-forward, it is easy to drink and smells faintly of white peaches.

WINE A-Z

Wine, on the Prime Material Plane, is seen as both a staple and a luxury. A bottle may cost as little as a silver piece or as much as a castle, all depending on the circumstances surrounding its creation. It is much the same in Baator. Devils sometimes partake in exotic wine not because they need it, but because it is a decadence that makes a mockery of the mortal struggle for luxury.

1014 DR AUGLA NIGWIN

Gnomish Red Wine - **Glass** 79gp **Bottle** 480gp

Considered by many to be “perfection,” this wine has complex, expansive, and vibrant aromatics and a velvety full-body texture that compliments the remarkably sweet tannins running through the bottle. Subtle flavors of currants, cherries, smoky incense, warm spices, and leather notes unearth themselves from this remarkable gnomish vintage. The rare “Sunlit Rain” will not disappoint.

BLACKTIDE BACKBONE

Wine - **Glass** 8gp **Bottle** 48gp

A wine crafted on the sixth level of Baator, Malbolge. Fist-sized stony grapes undergo a two year process to extract their succulent juices which ferment for another ten years inside a number of the naturally-forming vertebrae that grow from Malbolge's own flesh. Dry, fragrant, and inky black, the wine is impeccable and safe to drink for mortals and devils.

INNOCENCE BY CELESTE

Port - **Glass** the name of an innocent in Hell **Bottle** the true name of an innocent Hell, heard from their own lips

This syrupy sweet beverage is brewed from the tears of innocents. It is typically enjoyed after a satisfying meal or torture session and frequently served atop a scoop of Stygian ice cream.

RED'S WINE

Red Wine - **Glass** 2cp **Pitcher** 1sp

The epitome of “drinkable,” this wine impresses no one. A favorite of Badinwin Strump, several barrels of the stuff are strapped to the Traveling Inn at all times. With the watery flavor of sweet plums and a hint of cherry, this wine is palatable despite the light burning sensation that crawls up the nose.

Badinwin has a single barrel of this vintage he has

aged for 18 years that he plans to open on a special occasion.

RESENTMENT BY CELESTE

Red Wine - **Glass** one secret, **Bottle** someone else's secret, once given to you in confidence

This bitter brew is the most common drink in the Nine Hells. Resentment is distilled from the swamp grapes of Minauros and the leftover dregs of captured souls. The longer it is aged, the richer the taste becomes. Many varietals of Resentment are currently in production, with each batch maker mixing in their own special flavor. Some of the more unique flavor profiles include ‘Unloved Child,’ ‘Unrealized Artist,’ and ‘Passed Over for Promotion.’

SURU ENYA

Elvish Blue Wine - **Glass** 29 gp **Bottle** 174 gp

A cerulean blue wine that smells strongly of honeysuckles and fall leaves. Only those with intimate relationships with the eladrin who live near the Summer Court in the Feywild could hope to export even a single barrel of the vintage. Plush and creamy in texture, this wine has notes of blueberry, light smokiness, and vanilla with an earthy hint of the forest floor during the rain.



SPIRITS A-Z

Spirits, liquor, or hard alcohol – they may have many names, but these drinks are made from the distillation of fruits, grains, vegetables, or a macabre cultivation dreamed up by titillated devils which have already been fermented for alcohol. They are then fermented a second time and distilled into a more potent beverage.

AUVABR'TSK

Whiskey – **Bottle** 41 gp **Barrel** 4,940 gp

A rare vintage of whiskey distilled in the Citadel of Ice and Steel on the elemental plane of Air. Genasi travelers use the vast resources of the Djinn to collect ingredients from across the multiverse for distillation.

A single still used in the production of this perfected vintage costs as much as a castle. Each cask is tended for twelve years by a single artisan whose entire job is to ensure its quality. Scents of oak, allspice and char match the sweet taste of caramel and vanilla for a long, warm, immaculate finish.

DEATH WISH BY CELESTE

Spirit – **Glass** 1 soul coin of moderate quality **Bottle** 3 soul coins of significant quality

This ephemeral spirit is a favorite at parties. Its potent vapors are infused with a cube of sugar dipped in tallow, melted over a sulfurous flame. The spirit must then be quickly slurped to experience the full potency. When consumed in such a manner, the drinker hears the dying wish of a mortal currently perishing somewhere in the material plane. This is a great source of amusement to fiends.

FIREBRANDY

Brandy – **Glass** 3gp **Bottle** 18gp

Stored in small casks of zurkhwood, a woody fungus from the Underdark, this pinkish brandy is made from pressed grapes and a single strip of infernal firefungus aged for up to 30 years: rich, full-bodied, hot in the belly, and surprisingly elegant.

HOLY WATER BY CELESTE

Spirit – **Glass** 1-3 soul coins of varying quality

This spirit is contraband in most circles of Hell which, of course, makes it even more desirable. Water blessed by a good aligned Cleric is dangerous both to acquire and to transport in Hell. Holy Water literally burns as it goes down and packs an extreme punch. Lesser fiends

who attempt to drink Holy Water can actually die upon consumption, so naturally it is a favorite beverage in contests of constitution.

OMEN

Potato Spirit – **Glass** 21gp **Barrel** 36,456gp

Perfectly clear and extraordinarily potent, this potato liquor uses an ancient recipe of white potato and ash rye. It's drip filtered and is put through an additional secret distillation process, creating a smooth, clean, and enjoyable drink. Each barrel is signed and numbered by licensed taster.

COCKTAILS A-Z

Many beverages of the Nine Hells are blends of two or more spirits. A pastime of lesser devils is to mix mortal alcohol with grotesque detritus found in frequency in Baator, including parts of the very mortals who would enjoy it, otherwise. Such mixtures vary wildly in price and availability.

MUSE BY CELESTE

Cocktail – **Glass** one inspired poster board presentation **Bottle** one inspired essay written with 1.5 inch margins, MLA formatting, and fully cited bibliography with no more than 1 non-academic resource

A drink to inspire the most devious of contracts: one-part pure firefungus alcohol, one part the finest Maladomini ink. The secret ingredient to this drink is rumored to be powder ground from the bones of a muse.

Effect: For 1 hour after consumption, you have advantage on all Charisma (Performance) checks.

LAVA BOWL PUNCH BY CELESTE

Cocktail – **Glass** sold only by 'the bowl' and requires ten fingernail clippings or eyelashes from each drinker.

This festive beverage was invented by a particularly devious fiend. The Lava Bowl is served in a massive cauldron and decorated with an assortment of colorful paper baubles and speared chunks of fruit. This drink is meant to be shared, and each sipper is given a zany twisty straw with each purchase. This careful blend of spicy lava minerals and juices is so delicious, it is guaranteed to inspire hatred towards the drinker who hogs the most.*

* Mortals who drink the intoxicating liquid have the *geas* spell (DC 14) cast on them to a singular task: drink more.

NARCOTICS

The Nine Hells are filled to the brim with troublemakers and sinners as well as the fiends that prey upon them. It is not uncommon to come across one or more easy-to-abuse drugs during one's stay in Baator or on the Prime Material Plane.

IMBIBED A-Z

Any mind-altering substance that is eaten or drank in order to take effect is listed below in alphabetical order.

COURAGE

Also called “Adventurer's Boon,” Courage is a silver green-tinted putty that spasmodically crawls up the walls of whatever container it is stored in. Made from the rendered fat of a lawful good paladin that died of old age and the powdered scale of a young silver dragon, Courage is a rarity of the utmost potency.

You can chew on a glob of Courage for 1 hour before it disappears. While chewing on the numbing putty, you automatically succeed on saving throws made to avoid being frightened, charmed, diseased, or poisoned. You also have resistance to cold damage from draconic sources, such as the breath weapon of white or silver dragons or dragonborn. Though you cannot be frightened, the drug does not instill confidence or foolhardiness.

Adventurer's Boon is mildly addictive. When you chew on the viscus substance, you must make a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw. On a successful save, you fight off the addiction. On a failed save, at the end of 86 hours after your last dose of Courage, you are frightened, poisoned, and automatically contract any disease you come in contact with for 24 hours. Every 24 hours after that you can repeat the saving throw, ending your addiction on a successful save.

Cost. Crafting a single dose of *Courage* requires a lengthy process with very rare ingredients. As such, one dose of the chewable substance costs 1,200 gp on the Prime Material Plane, 200 gp on Celestia, and 1,000 gp in the Nine Hells.

CROSSWIRE BERRIES

Also known simply as “Flip” once distilled, *Crosswire Berries* are small fruits collected from a particular vine found near sulfuric mud-pits in the Feywild. The innards of the berries are bright blue and, when crushed, leave a

purplish stain. The juice of the berry smells rancid but tastes exceptionally sweet or sour, depending on ripeness.

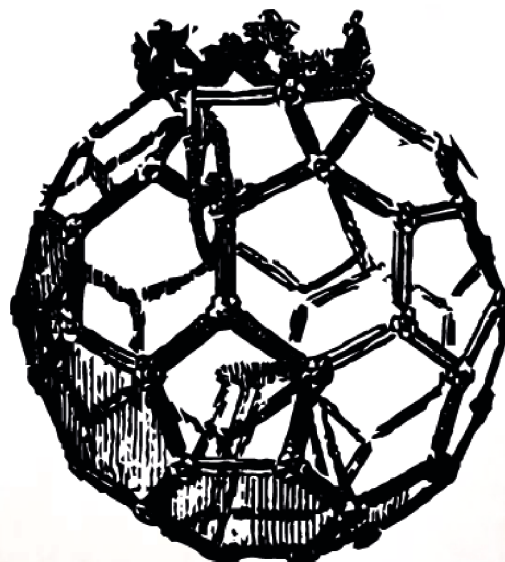
When imbibed, *Crosswire Berries* influence your sensory systems. It takes 1d4 hours for the effects to fully manifest, after which a number of your senses become crossed. Like an intense form of synesthesia, you start to experience the world using alternate sensory organs. For example, if your vision and touch are swapped, you will instead feel when something enters your eyesight and only be able to visually identify things, including color, by touching them.

You can choose to make a DC 12 Constitution saving throw, avoiding the effects on a successful save. To determine which senses are affected, roll on the following table twice and swap the results, ignoring repeat results.

1d6	Senses
1	Touch
2	Sight
3	Smell
4	Taste
5	Hearing
6	Darkvision/Other Senses

The effects of *Crosswire Berries* last for 6 hours and have no long-term negative effects, though it may cause stomach upset and headaches for the remainder of the day after the effects subside.

Cost. *Flip*, its refined, potent, liquid form, fetches 20 gp per dose. A dose of berries alone cost 50 gp.



DRIFT TEA

Drift Tea comes from a distillation of plants found on the elemental plane of air that move through the endless skies without expectation of ever growing roots. Praised as a "daily doser," *Drift Tea* simply makes those who drink it physically lighter.

When you drink a glass of the bright and fragrant tea, your weight is reduced by half for 8 hours. In addition, your speed increases by 5 feet and your jump height and distance increases by 5 feet while you are unencumbered.

There is, however, a risk of overdose with *Drift Tea*. Doses are carefully weighed and brewed in specific ratios for good reason. Taking two or more doses of *Drift Tea* at a time does not intensify the weightlessness, but instead brings about crippling nausea. For 24 hours, the first action you take in a combat encounter is spent vomiting, and your speed is reduced by half until the start of your next turn.

Cost. A pouch of tea, which can brew 6 cups, costs 380 gp.

MUSE'S MILK

Muse's Milk is a foul, chalky liquid manufactured by enterprising Devils in order to facilitate deals with artists. Made from shredded artworks, scraps of sheet music, and liquor aged inside the belly of a priest, this liquid provides the inspiration and energy to create incredible art in the imbiber's preferred medium.

Muse's Milk takes effect 1 hour after you drink it and lasts for 24 hours. While under its effects, you are seized with the sudden and unrelenting desire to create a new artistic piece, such as a sculpture, painting, or poem. You have advantage on all ability checks made to craft your artistic creation, and you have disadvantage on all other ability checks, attack rolls, or saving throws.

Each time you drink the disgusting tincture, you must make a DC 11 Constitution saving throw or become addicted to it. While addicted to the substance, you suffer a cumulative -1 penalty to all skill checks. Your skills return to normal when you next ingest *Muse's Milk*.

Every 10 days you can repeat the saving throw, ending your addiction to the drug on a successful save. On a failed save, the DC increases by 1.

Cost. *Muse's Milk*, along with being highly addictive, is incredibly expensive. A single dose of the brackish liquid costs 1,000 gold pieces.

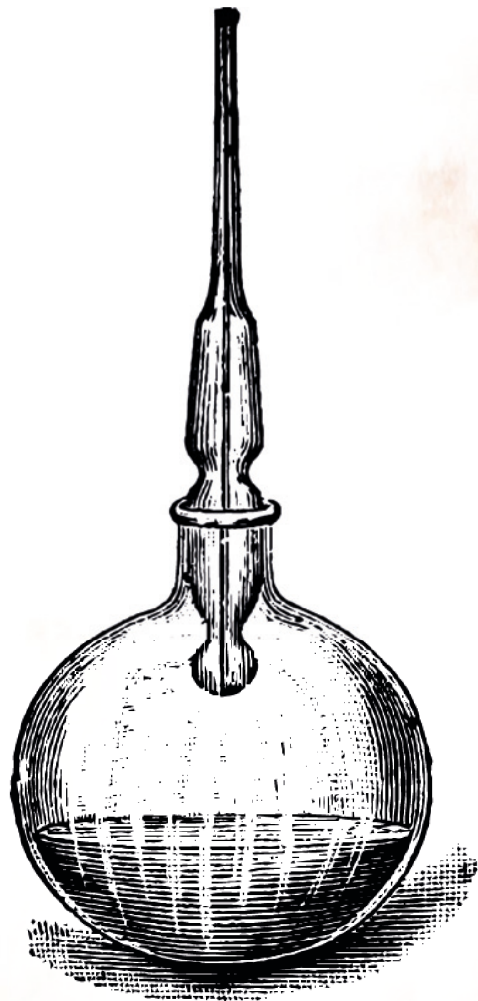
LINGER

Linger is a watery red liquid that smells faintly of nuts. When a dose of this drug is added to alcohol and imbibed completely, it takes effect immediately.

For 8 hours after *Linger* takes effect, your sense of time stretches or folds by magnitudes. Enjoyable or uplifting moments are magnified. A fifteen minute meal may seem like it's enjoyed over the course of hours. An hour of revelry or comfort feels like an entire day. And a day spent in relaxation feels as restful as if you had taken a tending to recuperate.

Alternatively, harrowing, frightening, and painful moments pass much more quickly. A minute of pain, such as a brand being burned, passes so quickly as to be imperceptible. And a day spent convalescing from wounds passes in just a few merciful hours.

Cost. In hell, a dose of *Linger* may fetch 5 or more *soul coins* or 2,500 gp. On the Prime Material Plane, it is a fraction the cost.



STASIS

Stasis is a small vial containing a carefully cultivated, dark red, and syrupy liquid. It is the singularly most expensive liquid, per drop, in the multiverse. The hyper-potent magical drug ruins the body, does lasting harm to the mind, and has destructive consequences for those who grow addicted to it.

Stasis is created by siphoning off the blood of a living creature that has been bitten by a ghoul. The blood is then infused with that of a fiend who, when the blood was taken, was under the effect of a particular cocktail of magical effects. The mixture is then further manipulated, daily, by various magical effects over a period of 10 days. Finally, it is condensed into a single droplet and stored in a specially made vial that preserves its magical properties.

When you imbibe a full dose of *Stasis*, a single drop, you must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. You take damage equal to half your hit point maximum on a failed save or suffer 1 level of exhaustion on a successful one.

Once ingested, the drug takes immediate effect. You are paralyzed for 8 hours. While paralyzed in this way, you also gain the following properties:

- You are immune to all damage and automatically succeed on all saving throws.
- Your mind remains clear and aware of your surroundings.
- You can see into the Ethereal and Astral planes and can understand any spoken word as though you were fluent in the language.

If the effects of the drug are dispelled (DC 16) or end prematurely, you lose all memory of what transpired during your paralysis.

A creature can use a number of doses equal to their constitution modifier before they become addicted. Addicts who go more than 48 hours without using the drug have their Intelligence score reduced by 1 every hour until they imbibe another dose. Ability points lost in this way can be restored by a *greater restoration* or *heal* spell.

Cost. One dose of *Stasis* is worth 1200 gp or more and is universally policed in neutral or good aligned planes as an illegal and dangerous substance.

INHALED A-Z

Many narcotics enter the bloodstream much more

quickly or potently when inhaled into the lungs as a smoke or pulled into the nasal cavity as a fine powder. Such narcotics are listed here in alphabetical order.

DEVIL THORN

Devil Thorn, found growing in ashen corpses in the Nine Hells, is a common plant and popular additive to many smoking pipes. Coal-black in color, the unprocessed thorns are sharp and wicked. When dried, crushed, and smoked, the plant relieves aches and pains throughout the body, magically condensing them into a black pellet that is later regurgitated.

For 1d4 hours after smoking, any persistent pain you may be experiencing is reduced to near imperceptibility. For the duration, you have advantage on Constitution saving throws and gain 3 temporary hit points at the start of each of your turns.

At the end of the duration, you take 2d4 points of piercing damage as you cough up a pea-sized thorny pellet.

Devil Thorn also has a horrifying consequence for overuse. The plant may grow rapidly in corpses in the realm of Baator, but it also grows takes root in the lungs of those who ingest the plant too often.

If you inhale a number of doses that exceeds your Constitution score within a ten day period, you must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the remnants of the plant takes root.

Each time you finish a long rest, take 1d10 points of piercing damage for each day the plant has grown inside you unimpeded. You take this damage each long rest until the plant is removed from your body. It can be excised with three successful DC 18 Medicine checks. On a failed medicine check, the plant deals 1d10 piercing damage to you. Alternatively, the budding *Devil Thorn* can be removed with 30 points of magical healing. The tiny plant can be dried into a dose of the drug.

Cost. *Devil Thorn* can be bought for as little as 200 gp per dose, but may fetch a much higher price anywhere outside the Nine Hells.

DREAM BRIDGE

A silvery substance that shimmers unnaturally in moonlight, *Dream Bridge* is a fine, delicate powder made from the bones of aberrations and fey creatures. It is heavily processed both alchemically and magically for potency and purity. When introduced to the

bloodstream, it temporarily allows your mind to create physical sensations throughout your body, as though they were real.

The onset of the drug is almost instant. For 30 minutes after inhaling, you can create physical sensations all over your body using only your imagination. Some use *Dream Bridge* to recreate pleasurable experiences they have had in their past, such as the caress of a lost family member or a cool sea breeze. Others practice and train their mind to attempt to create new, impossible sensations, using the drug to blur the line between imagination and reality.

Imagining painful or lethal events in enough detail can cause the affected creature to make a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or suffer 6d6 psychic damage for every minute the painful event continues.

Cost. Given the incredible difficulty in manufacturing *Dream Bridge*, as well as its potency and rarity, it is exceedingly valuable. The devils of the Nine Hells often trade a single dose of the potent drug for a *soul coin* (DIA 225) or up to three doses of it for a small undertaking, which can vary devil-to-devil. One may request a vial full of pained tears, another may need one of their peers held captive for a time – getting mortals addicted to *Dream Bridge* is a wise long-term investment.

ELFSLEEP

Elfsleep, which has nothing to do with elves, is a carefully cultivated purple plant with broad, sticky leaves. It provides a mild soporific effect when ingested raw. It's most potent when dried and smoked with a blend of expensive incenses. After being carefully prepared and inhaled, *Elfsleep* allows you to bypass large portions of time.



Once inhaled, you can enter a meditative trance that lasts for up to 8 hours. While in this trance, you completely stop perceiving the world around you. Time seems to pass by in an instant without affecting you, as if your mind skipped over the period. While not in the trance, you feel relaxed and extremely sleepy. Some can hear the nothingness of the trance beckons them.

You can be roused from the trance early if you choose. Make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw. On a success, you wake up to whatever stimulus, such as being shaken, attempted to rouse you. On a failure, you remain in a trance and cannot attempt the saving throw again for 1 hour. You immediately wake from the trance if you take 5 or more damage from a single attack.

Often used to bypass unavoidable periods of stagnation, make long travel less mentally taxing, or complete a long rest in troublesome circumstances, *Elfsleep* has a potential for overuse and overdose. If you exceed a single dose in a 5 day period, make a Wisdom saving throw when you inhale the drug. The DC is 2 + the number of doses you have taken in that time. On a failed save, you lose all memory of what transpired during that 5 day period. On a success, you can be roused from the trance as though you rolled a 20 on the Constitution saving throw to awaken.

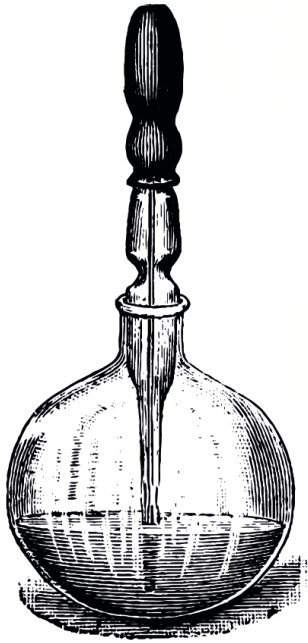
Cost. *Elfsleep* is an uncommon plant but is only used in exceptionally small amounts. A single stick of *Elfsleep* incense, one dose, costs between 3 and 8 gp.

GLIMPSE

Glimpse, is a curious drug found at parties and social events, sourced and made by unknown means. Deep violet in color and powdery, when gently warmed it releases wisps of violet colored smoke. When multiple creatures inhaled the same smoke in unison, their perceptions become switched for 1d4 minutes.

When you inhale the smoke, you begin to see through the eyes of another randomly selected creature that inhaled the smoke along with you. Your vision is completely interchanged with the other creatures including special forms of vision such as darkvision or truesight, but you remain in complete control of your own body – including your eyes.

Cost. Due to its popularity and lack of detrimental effects, the price of *Glimpse* is quite manageable considering its unknown manufacturer. A single pouch, with 5 doses of the powder, costs 140 gp.



SCRYDROP

Scrydrop is a highly processed magical liquid, the base of which is made from sweat expressed by casters while *scrying*. After distillation, the thin liquid becomes a rich golden brown color that appears to shift chaotically. *Scrydrop* is generally mixed into strong beverages. It offers a glimpse into thousands of past divinations.

Once injected into the eyeball, the drug takes effect after 1 hour. For 8 hours afterward, you see various incredible visions, each taken from a *scrying* spell once cast by the one whose sweat formed the basis of the dose. The visions may be dazzling, intimate, frightening, or, on rare occasion, informative. While sometimes used for entertainment or introspection, a practiced, intelligent user of *Scrydrop* might actually glean some insight.

The drug leaves your system after 8 hours, and there are no long-term negative side effects suffered by habitual *Scrydrop* users.

Cost. Most who partake in *Scrydrop* are those who create it. However, arcanoloths such as Margrin (*Chapter 1*) and spellcasters enjoy collecting the strange substance and partake in it regularly. In the Nine Hells it can be traded for favors or 1 *soul coin* (*DIA 225*) for 3 doses.

TOPICAL

Some narcotics are best absorbed slowly through the skin or soft tissue of the body, such as the eyes or mouth.

Such substances are usually ineffective or potentially lethal when taken any other way, so caution should be used.

HAZE DUST

A pouch of *Haze Dust* grows transparent when in the presence of powerful illusion magic. A naturally forming arcane byproduct of magical illusions, it has become a popular party drug and tool in spellcaster's toolboxes. Pale yellow in color, the fine powder is far heavier when stored in a pouch or other contain than it should be, as if there is more of it than is visible.

You can sprinkle a pinch of the dust over your eyes as an action. For 10 minutes afterward, you can no longer see through illusions and automatically fail saving throws against illusion magic. In addition, illusory effects made by the *minor illusion* spell seem real to your other senses. For example, an apple created by *minor illusion* looks, smells, feels, tastes, and smells like an apple.

A creature can make a DC 10 Wisdom saving throw if the powder is thrown into its eyes to resist its effects.

Cost. *Haze Dust* requires an illusion be maintained for 1 year, which leads to its moderate price. A pouch containing 10 doses of the unusual drug costs 300 gp.



CREDITS

COMMISSIONED ART CREDITS

- *Savortown Icon* – Carina Tous
- *Savortown Menu* – Carina Tous
- *Infernal Nipper* – Dani Hartel
- *Margrin's Magnificent Traveling Inn Menu* – Carina Tous
- *Dead Can Dance Menu* – Carina Tous
- *INFERNAL NIPPER* (TWICE, BECAUSE IT'S SO CUTE)
DANI "DEM BONES" HARTEL!
- *Various Vector Arts* – Carina Tous



*Thanks so much for
reading!
Good luck in Hell...*

STOCK ART CREDITS

- IMPS – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- UNDEAD – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- BEARDED DEVIL - WOTC ART RESOURCE
- FERRYMAN – COMMONS
- CITY OF FIRE – BRUNO BALIXA
- THE DECEPTIVE ONE – JACOB PROBELSKI
- MEZZOLOTH – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- FIEND WARLOCK – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- DRAIN - BRUNO BALIXA
- BAATOR – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- ELF GHOSTS – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- IMP – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- SPEARMAN, GHOST HOUND – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- CAVE - BRUNO BALIXA
- PIT FIEND – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- SWORDSWOMAN – STORN COOK
- NIGHTMARE – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- BLACK SPEAR – Colin Foss
- SWORDS - Colin Foss
- FIEND BOAR – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- NYMPH – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- ELF SWORDSWOMAN – CHRISTOPHER REESE
- NECROMANCER – WOTC ART RESOURCE
- DEVILS – WOTC ART RESOURCE